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N[illegible]] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 10, 1901. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

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DR TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa

"VI-COCOA ENABLES ME TO KEEP A WHOLE NIGHT'S WATCH WITHOUT FEELING FATIGUED."

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LADIES WHO LOVE that smart well-dressed appearance, can best attain it by wearing A. F. & Co.'s COSTUMES.

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Design No. 1062. 10/6 VALUE FOR MONEY. Design No. 1045. 10/6

Design No. 3763. 12/6. The Famous Sequence-back Coat and Skirt Costume. Made in Allen Foster & Co.'s Specialite Serge or Venetian Cloth in Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Royal Blue, Grey, Fawn, and Cardinal. The coat is three-quarter length and has Velvet Collar. 12/6. Carriage paid. 6d. extra. Skirt by itself will be 6/6. Carriage, 3d. extra.

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Fish Napkins, 2/11 per ... Napkins, 5/6 per doz. 3yd. square, 2/6; 2... Kitchen Table Cloths ... Irish Linen Pillow Co... Best Irish Linen Sheeting, fully ... wide, 1/11 per yard. Roller Towelling ...
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Our Warranted Timekeeper, with a guarantee to keep correct time for three years, will be sent to any address on receipt of P.O. or stamps, value 2/6, and 3 stamps extra for postage. To every purchaser during this month we give with it ABSOLUTELY FREE, a strong Mexican SILVER CHAIN. All we ask of you is to show them to your friends, as by doing so you advertise our business. GENEVA WATCH IMPORTERS, 168 OLD STREET, LONDON, E.C. (Please mention paper.)

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ENGAGEMENT RINGS, &c.—Young People thinking of going into a SHOP to choose an Engagement or Wedding Ring.
RINGS from 10/6 to £10 are shown in MASTERS' NEW CATALOGUE. Send for it (free). You and the Young Lady can then select the Ring you like best & have it sent you by Registered Post to any part of the world.
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A LARGE Tin contains (assorted) and fresh post free. Mention PENNY ...
Sole makers, ... & Co. Ltd., London.
SWEETS

Go on! Turn to page 215

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.
TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY" INSURANCE COUPON.

The signing of this coupon by the purchaser will be sufficient to entitle his or her next-of-kin or legal representative to the benefits of the £2,000 Railway Insurance, and the £100 Cycling Insurance, provided the conditions of the insurance coupon have been fulfilled.

Signature .....

Available from 5 p.m., Thursday, Oct. 3rd, 1901, until midnight, Friday, Oct. 11th, 1901. For full particulars see page 224.

No. 586.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 10, 1901 ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [ONE PENNY.

AN ADVANCED COURSE.

"OH, Mr. Johns," exclaimed Miss Gush, "I heard you talking to pa about plants, and I do so want to talk to you; for, you know, I am very interested in botany. I like all kinds of plants and flowers, as, of course, you do, too, Mr. Johns; but what varieties of plants are you particularly interested in?"

"The plants which I am most interested in," replied Mr. Johns, "are machinery plants."

Miss Gush looked mystified for a moment, but soon brightened up, remarking:

"I haven't got so far as that yet."

CLERGYMAN: "My boy, do you know it's wicked to fish on the Sabbath?"

Youngster: "I isn't fishin'; I'm teaching this 'ere wurm ter swim."

WHY THERE IS A VICE-PRESIDENT.

THE danger that may attend a state without a head, even for a very brief period, was foreseen by the framers of the constitution of the United States. It is provided that in the event of the death of the President, either by natural causes or unforeseen accident, the Vice-President succeeds at once to the office of Chief Magistrate of the country, and his office in turn, thus vacated by him, is filled by the Speaker of the Senate, this body providing for the latter office in the usual way.

Thus the demise of William McKinley placed Theodore Roosevelt, the vice-president, at the head of that nation, and the country is spared the convulsion of a general election. That this is a wise provision has been demonstrated no fewer than three times in a little more than one generation. Three Presidents have succumbed to the assault of the assassin. If in each of these instances the upheaval of a general election had followed, there can be no doubt that the progress and destiny of the country would have been materially altered.

LANDLADY: "I believe in letting coffee boil for thirty minutes; that's the only way to get the goodness out of it."

New Boarder (tasting his, and leaving it): "You succeeded admirably, ma'am."

HOW "P.W." SAVED MY LIFE.

Told by a Grimsby Fisherman.

JOHN ROWLAND, 76 Sydney Street, near Cleethorpes, Grimsby, writes as follows: "While on a voyage to the Fisher Bank on board the smack *Morning Star*, I was reading an article in *Pearson's Weekly* about what you would do if you happened any time to fall overboard and could not swim. Being unable to swim myself, I took a lot of interest in it. Before that voyage was up I had cause to bless that copy of *Pearson's*.

"We had been down on the bank for about a week, and having had very fine weather for that time of the year had not caught much fish on account of not being able to tow the trawl. I had orders from the skipper to set the big jib, and while setting it had the misfortune to fall off the bowsprit while clearing the traveller. I fell feet first, and, having on my heavy sea clothes and big boots I was in a very bad fix.

"The smack began to drift away from me, and I thought I was going to sink when, like a flash, I thought of what I had been reading in *Pearson's Weekly* and I did my best to do what that article said anybody ought to do, when in the position I was in—namely, on no account to throw your hands up, but to keep them under water, and paddle at the same time, treading the water with your feet.

"I did so and was able to keep my head above water for ten minutes, when they got me on board.

"Considering I had on heavy clothes and big boots, I think you will agree with me that I was very lucky to get on board safely with the loss of one of my sea boots and a cap. Now, I can safely say if I had not have read that article in *Pearson's Weekly* I should have done what the majority of people do in cases like this—thrown up my arms and sunk like a stone. So I have always considered that your paper saved my life."

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WHERE THE HEART IS.

Oh! 'tis not the place that pleases
  That is home, if we but knew,
Though 'tis swept by happy breezes,
  And the scene is fair to view;
We may meet with passing gladness,
  As across the world we roam,
Still, come sorrow, toil, or sadness,
  Where the heart is—that is home!

Though our feet find dwelling places
  To delight us, bright and fair,
Though they're lit by loving faces,
  Still the heart's home is not there;
It may be some spot beside us,
  Or far off, across the foam,
Though the weary leagues divide us,
  Where the heart is—that is home!

'Tis the place forgotten never,
  To fond mem'ry ever blest,
'Tis the one spot that is ever
  Brighter, fairer than the rest.
'Tis the source of all thoughts holy
  And divine, 'neath Heaven's dome,
Be it humble, be it lowly,
  Where the heart is—that is home!

"I HEAR that Miss Woody is inconsolable over the loss of poor little Fido."

"Yes, poor thing. Every time it rains cats and dogs she rushes to the window to see if he is among them."

"MY wife always takes the dickens of a time making up her mind what to take and what to leave behind when she goes away."

"Oh, mine doesn't; she always takes all her dresses and leaves me."

"YES, sir. I hold that when a man makes a little extra money, his first duty is to make his wife a present of a handsome dress."

"You are a philosopher, I presume?"

"No; I am a draper."

HAD WINGS, BUT COULDN'T FLY.

AT an examination in a village school a class of infants was being questioned on natural history. After several questions, the inspector asked:

"What bird that comes from Africa has wings but can't fly?"

The class was dumfounded.

Thinking to encourage them, the inspector offered a sixpence to the little boy or girl who could tell him. After a few seconds' hesitation, a little girl of four years put out her hand.

"Well, my little dear," said the inspector, "what is it?"

"Please, sir, a dead 'un!"

IF YOU EAT MUSHROOMS.

LATE autumn is the time for mushrooms, and a few hints will be of service to those who eat them.

Don't eat any that will not peel when you try to remove the skin, and beware of those that have little holes in the top. A fresh mushroom is a treat, but a stale one is about as bad a thing as you can get hold of, while a very stale one is positively poisonous.

The fresh mushroom is round on the top, and the "gills"—they really resemble fish gills—are white; but a stale one has a flat top and dark or black gills. It does not follow that the latter will poison you; if the skin comes off easily it is a good sign of innocence, but for choice you will do well to hold to the round tops. When a mushroom has been kept for some time, except in a preserved state, it develops a venomous acid.

More than fifty persons die every season from poisoning by eating fungi, either bad mushrooms or other growths which they take to be mushrooms.

There are certain fungi that are good to eat, but it is well not to touch them unless you are an expert. There are some, much like mushrooms in appearance, that will kill you in half-an-hour.

Payment of £100 Cycling Insurance Claim.

Making a Total of 476 Claims Paid (including one of £1,000).

WE regret to announce the fact that a reader of *Pearson's Weekly* has met with his death while cycling. The following extract from the DUNLAVIN HERALD (Co. Wicklow) tells the story of this unfortunate affair:

> This morning Mr. Thomas B. Doyle, J.P., Coroner for West Wicklow, held an inquest on the body of "Patsey" Gorman, Dunlavin, who was killed on Saturday at Donard while riding in a five mile bicycle race on the road. Sergeant Jones, Donard, appeared on behalf of the police. From the evidence of Constable Dowling, who was looking at the fall, it appears deceased was going at a rapid pace down a steep hill when he lost both pedals at a rut which was across the road, and in trying to recover them his machine swerved and he was flung over the handlebar, and his head struck the road with great force. He (Constable Dowling), along with others, carried deceased inside Colonel Harrington's gate, and after being attended to by Father Kavaneagh, C.C., he died in about fifteen minutes without speaking.
>
> The jury found the following verdict: "That Patrick J. Gorman's death was caused by coma due to fracture of the base of the skull, and that we express deep sympathy with the parents and relatives of the deceased."

Mr. Gorman had been a reader of *Pearson's Weekly* for the past seven years, and had paid on December 31st last a year's subscription to the paper. We give a copy of the newsagent's receipt:

> Received from Mr. Patrick Gorman, Dunlavin, the sum of 4s. 4d., his year's subscription for *Pearson's Weekly* ending December 31st, 1901.
>
> (Signed) CHRISTOPHER LAWLOR,
> Newsagent,
> Dunlavin.

Immediately on receipt of the application we made inquiries and satisfied ourselves that the claim was genuine. A cheque for £100 was then at once dispatched to the next-of-kin, Mr. Matthew Gorman, whose receipt for the same we hope to be able to reproduce next week.

MISTRESS (arranging for the dinner): "Didn't the grocer send the macaroni?"

Cook: "Yes, mum; but Oi sent it back. Every wan of them stims was empty."

UNCLE: "Well, Fanny, aren't you going to kiss your uncle?"

Fanny (aged seven): "No, indeed."

Uncle: "And why not, little darling?"

Fanny: "Because there's your wife looking on, and I don't want to make any trouble in the family."

SWELLPLEAD: "Good-morning."

Client: "I've just received your bill for getting me off in that assault and battery case the other day."

Swellplead: "Ah, yes, to be sure. Any further information I can give you about it?"

Client: "Yes; I'd like to know if I can change my mind and go to gaol instead."

IF a postmaster went to a menagerie and was eaten by one of the wild beasts, what would be the hour?

Perhaps you'll have to think this over a little. Yet the answer is very simple. It is "8 p.m." (ate P.-M.), of course.

And here is the latest yet:

If a guest at a restaurant ordered a lobster and ate it, and another guest did the same, what would the latter' telephone number be?

It would be "8—1—2."

"P.W." cannot prevent accidents, but it does the next best thing by presenting readers with a railway and cycling insurance free.

THE STORY OF A STUPID WOMAN.

By Gertrude Page.

It was raining heavily, and as the young assistants trooped out of a large establishment in the West End they looked round disgustedly at the sloppy roads, dirty pavements, and lowering sky overhead; feeling somewhat ill-treated that any of their few precious hours in the open air should be thus marred.

All except one, a dark-eyed girl, prettiest of them all, and the acknowledged belle of the establishment. Only she did not look her best to-night, because her cheeks were very white, and she had dark rims about her eyes that told a tale of unshed tears.

When she came out with the rest she merely glanced hurriedly round, put up her umbrella as a matter of course, and started off with tightly shut lips and no word or smile for anyone.

For the cloud in the sky that night was nothing to Mabel Lane, because of another cloud that had crept into her heart and her life, enfolding them in a pitiless greyness.

And as she hurried along she looked neither to the right nor left, heedless alike of the rude stare or the admiring glance of the passers-by. She bent her steps in the direction of the river, and as she passed down a side street close to the Embankment a tall man in a long rain coat met her, and turned at once to walk with her.

"How good of you to come a night like this!" he exclaimed, "I hardly dare expect you."

"Oh, I don't mind the weather," she answered, "and the rain will not last long. I had to see you to-night."

She tried to speak naturally, but there was a forced note in her voice which did not escape him. He looked into her face and saw how white and ill she appeared, but as she purposely avoided his eyes he let it pass for the time. The day had been very close, and he thought perhaps the long hours of standing had been too much for her. An anxious expression crossed his face as he wondered again if to-night he would be able to persuade her to leave it all and come to him. Such a fine, boyish face it was, lit by a charming frankness, and perfect in feature without the vanity such perfectness usually brings. The light of a gas lamp fell full upon the strange pair as they walked towards the river together, revealing the undeniably aristocratic breeding of the one, the unpretentious loveliness of the other.

It was very quiet on the Embankment, and they sought a seat in the shadow where they had often been before, and sat down together. He took her hand in his and held it tightly, and after a momentary inward struggle she let it rest there.

"It may be the last time," she said to herself, and bit her teeth together.

Her companion did not speak for a little while. It was enough for him to hold her hand, and be able to look into her face whenever he liked. Mabel was quiet in order to collect all her strength for the impending struggle, of which as yet he knew nothing, feeling the long day had somewhat weakened her.

Ah! how awful it had been! the irony of it seemed to have entered into her soul. The streams of gay, careless customers, the jarring littleness of her occupation, the weary pain in her head, the numbness of pain in her heart, the cruel necessity to be smiling and affable in spite of it. Then the evening had come, and when it came she had shrunk from it.

"One little hour more," she could have prayed, "one little hour more before it is all over."

And now she was sitting with him in their old, favourite spot, and his handsome face had just the old light of love in it, and the river still crept noiselessly by, as if muffling its footsteps that it might not drown their whispered words. How happy they had been together there—how madly, insanely happy. Well, wise or foolish, it was over now, and the end had come. If they had to pay the price, and the price was a high one, it had at least been worth it.

"You are very quiet, darling," he said presently. "Is something troubling you? You are not like yourself at all to-night; you are so pale and serious!"

She clenched her hands and stared hard at the river.

"What is it?" he said tenderly. "It has been such a long three days since we last met. There were a lot of people where I have been staying, and I got so tired of them all. I longed for my own beautiful Mabel all the time I was away, and do you know, the last day I made up my mind I would spirit her off and marry her without her consent if she still refused to give it."

She smiled a little crooked smile at his boyish ardour, and wondered how she could tell him of the discovery she had made, which was to separate them for ever.

"Mabel, what is the matter?" he cried at last. "You are so strange to-night I don't know what to make of you."

It had left off raining now, and a pale moon shone on the towers of Westminster and the silent, flowing river. Mabel looked at it a moment, and something in the steadfastness of the star-lit heavens and the grim, old abbey seemed to give her a new courage.

"I am very troubled darling," she said quietly, "I will tell you all about it." She paused a moment, then went on bravely: "Do you remember the last time we parted you told me you were going to Engelton by the 3.15 train from Paddington?"

"Yes, dear. Why?"

"After you had gone I found you had left this," showing him a little gold sovereign case. "You had won it somewhere the night before, you know, and I was looking at it, and forgot to give it to you. I thought you would want it, so I went down to the station with it."

"Yes?" quickly. He was looking at her now with keen eyes, and she saw that some vague fear had crept into his mind.

"I could not find you at first, and then I discovered you among a lot of fashionable people, and I hid quickly that you might not see me. They all seemed to be going to the same place, and a porter near me told someone it was a house-party going to Lord Malvern's at Engelton for the races. Presently you spoke to a man in livery who had charge of your luggage, and then he went away and you joined the others again. You had your back to me, so I strolled casually up and read your labels. I wanted to know if you were going to Lord Malvern's." She paused, then drew a long choking breath, and added quietly, "I found out who you were."

He had grown very white as she talked, and now he leaned forward a moment and buried his face in his hands.

"How do you know the name on the labels was mine?" he asked a little hoarsely.

"I couldn't believe it at first," she answered, "but I made inquiries, and I have since found out all about you. I have discovered that you are the Honourable Guy Goodruffe, second son of the Earl of Leyling."

There was a long silence, then he asked with a note of passion in his voice:

"And what if I am?"

She did not reply for a moment. Then she said in that same quiet way: "I am Mabel Lane, shop-assistant at Messrs. Leely and Co."

"And what of that?" he cried. "You are as perfect a lady as ever walked."

"Why did you think it necessary to disguise your identity at all?" she asked.

"I thought it wiser at the time; and afterwards I meant to tell you, but kept on putting it off. I did not know I was going to meet a girl like you. Oh, I daresay you think very badly of me, but you don't understand. Young fellows are always wild sometimes. There were several of us that night, old Etonians, and we had had a dinner, and then went out for some fun, all agreeing to take assumed names. Even when I spoke to you I only meant to have a bit of fun with you, but when you were angry I couldn't help liking you for it, and I wanted to talk to you all the more. I have often wondered what made you give in."

"You were so different to the others," she said, "and you looked such a boy I felt sorry for you. I knew if you didn't talk to me you would to someone else, and I know what so many of the other girls are. But I was lonely too. I mustn't excuse myself altogether. London was such a big, desolate place to me then, and I did not like the other girls, and you had such a nice face—after you had apologised I could not resist the temptation."

"I'm so glad," he said simply.

"Ah, but I ought to have done," she breathed. "It might have saved us both so much pain."

"Why? What do you mean?" turning to her sharply.

"I mean that we must say good-bye to-night," she answered sadly.

"Impossible" he cried, "I will never consent."

"Yes, you will; and someday, perhaps before very long, you will thank me with all your heart that I was firm."

But he would not listen to her, pleading with all the strength of his being, that she would be still the same.

"It's no use, Guy," she said at last very wearily. "I've made up my mind, and nothing you can say will alter it."

"Then you are hard and cruel, and if I go wrong altogether it will be your fault," and he turned to her with a reckless look on his handsome, boyish face.

Mabel winced. Her mouth was drawn and her eyes dark with pain, but he refused to see or know anything but that she was obdurate.

"You will not go wrong, Guy. I am not afraid of that," she told him. "I know you too well. By and by you will see everything differently, and then, indeed, you will thank me."

"Never—" he declared passionately. "I—I feel as if I should pitch headfirst down there in twenty-four hours. As if anything mattered to me without you. If you cared for me at all, you would not send me away after letting me love you all these months. But you don't care, or you could not be so cruel." He turned and gazed hungrily into her face. Then he caught one of her hands in his. "If you think well of me," he prayed her, "why can't you marry me? What does anything matter so long as we have each other?"

"It is because I care for you I won't marry you," she said. "You are younger than I, and you do not know the world so well as I do. For us to marry would be folly on your part, and selfishness on mine."

"It is more selfish of you to send me away, when you know I shall only be utterly wretched without you."

His words pained her deeply, but she tried not to show it, keeping always a steady gaze fixed on the river.

"You will soon forget," she answered, "because you will know it is wisest."

"You seem to have a nice opinion of me," scornfully, "I wonder you could tolerate our friendship for so long, if you think me such a poor creature."

"I do not think you are a poor creature. You know I do not. I think someday you are capable of winning a high position. I might prove a hindrance to you, and I would not do that for all the world. You must marry in your own rank and be a useful man to your country. I shall expect great things of you," and she smiled wistfully into his face.

Side by side with the promise of his future she saw another picture; that of a tired woman working day after day at the same dreary task, with no light of love to shorten the long hours. There would not be even his friendship, and that had been so sweet. She bit her teeth together, and clenched her hands. How could she ever bear it?—how? She threw her head back with a sharp movement of unendurable pain. It must be, she knew it must. For three awful days she had wrestled with herself, and always there had been only one answer to her questioning. They must part now—now at once, before it grew still harder. Of what use to drag out the interview? After the final wrench he would go away, perhaps to distant lands, where he could more quickly forget, and she would go back to the old routine. Most of the pain would be hers, but of what use to murmur at that? From the beginning of the world had it not nearly always been the woman who suffers the most?

So she braced herself up once more for the final parting.

"We must say good-bye to-night, Guy," she said firmly. "We have been very happy, but now the end has come. Our paths seem to have run together naturally for a little time, now they have reached the parting place. I hope you won't forget me altogether, we have had many nice talks."

Great blinding tears started to his eyes, and he clenched his hands as he replied: "Forget you——never while I have breath. You are the only woman worth loving I have ever met. Even though you are so hard, and though you have disappointed me, I shall go on loving you better than all the world."

"Someday," she said in a low, strained voice, "you will love me for sending you away to-night; you will understand so much better. It is the thought of that hour that makes me strong now."

But he would not be influenced, refusing to see anything but his own pain. He was so young and ardent then, and the world had not yet laid its cold, calculating finger upon him; he only knew that he wanted her before all things else in heaven or earth. Later on he understood as she had said he would, but now he would not spare her.

"I don't care a hang what anyone says," he exclaimed at last, half-fiercely, "I maintain I have a perfect right to choose my own wife; but of course if you care more for the world's opinion than for me, it's no use saying anything further, only you are not what I thought you."

"I am sorry," she said, unable to hide the pain in her voice, "but by and by you will find I was even a truer friend than you had thought me.

"And you will forgive me for hurting you now, Guy," she went on yearningly, lifting her beautiful eyes to his face.

But he was deeply hurt, and looked away across the river in silence.

She waited a moment, then added with a catch in her voice, "I have to thank you for many happy hours. I shall miss you more than you can ever know!"

"You will only have yourself to thank. If you would let me I would make you as happy as the day is long."

She shook her head sadly. "It could not be, Guy. There would be clouds come that you could not keep away. They would dim your day as well as mine, and how could I be happy then. It seems hard to you now, but it will not do so for long, men have so many things to help them when troubles come."

"You are mistaken," he said, "nothing will make up to me for the loss of you."

She stifled a sob, thinking what the parting would mean to her.

"I must go now," she said, "you need not accompany me. I hope you will soon feel brighter, I shall think of you often. Good-bye, Guy."

"Good-bye, Mabel," and he held out his hand.

A sudden yearning for one last kiss possessed her, but she fought it back for his sake. He might forget her quicker without it.

Five minutes later she was walking quickly in the direction of her dingy home, while Guy drove to his club to seek a short forgetfulness in excitement.

And the next morning she was back in her place behind the counter, attending to the capricious requirements of thoughtless, commonplace women, just as if nothing at all had happened; and the one, poor little ray of sunlight had not gone out of her life.

* * * * *

Many years afterward they met again, and they were then an elderly man and woman.

For him had been honour upon honour, success upon success, until he stood among the first in the land. And for a time he had indeed forgotten her in the enthralling race for fame and greatness, which leaves little enough time for idle regret. She saw the account of his marriage a few years after they parted to a beautiful girl of his own rank, and she rejoiced for his sake. Then later she saw how, at the zenith of his fame, he had been left a childless widower. After that followed a spell of ill-health and presently the newspapers began to forget him, and she could not hear anything of him at all.

Until he came to her himself, driven to her side at the last by the association of old memories, old longings, and a great world-weariness.

He found her in a quiet home by the sea, where she had lived ever since her husband died. For she too, had married after a time, won round to leave her drudgery for a happy home, and care and plenty. Only she had never forgotten him, and in her happiest days he remained ever her most cherished memory.

He knew all about her before he made himself known, and when the first greetings were over, and they had slipped back to the old friendship, he said simply:

"I have come back the same in heart, Mabel. I daresay you were right twenty-five years ago, but please don't send me away again."

A few weeks later the little fishing village was enlivened by a quiet wedding, in which the bride and bridegroom—most of life's warfare over—had joined hands to walk the rest of the downhill path together.

"Can you spare me a copper, sir? I am starving," said the beggar.

"A penny won't save you," replied the pedestrian.

"No, sir," replied the beggar, "but with that and the one and elevenpence I've got I can go and get a good meal."

"I hear Harker, the financier, is dead."

"Yes, he died suddenly."

"What was the cause?"

"He died from shock. It appears that one statement which was true had inadvertently been allowed to get into one of his company prospectuses."

Ladies who want a new dress should try to secure the Six-guinea Costume offered on page 215.

The Doubles of Sovereigns who Put Assassins off the Scent.

PRACTICALLY every European potentate, from the Tsar downward, hires an understudy, whose duty it is to impersonate his royal master what time the latter desires to be left free from public observation or intrusion.

At one period posts of this kind were eagerly sought after; but that was before the evolution of the anarchist, the nihilist, and other similar malignant growths of our civilization.

Candidates nowadays are apt to recall with a shudder the fate of Sergius Komaroff, the late Tsar's double, assassinated in mistake for his sovereign and employer at Moscow a few years back; and of Abdul Hamid's unhappy understudy (so like his Royal master that even the palace officials, so it was said, could scarcely "tell t'other from which"), who was "removed" (poisoned) by the emissaries of one of the Armenian revolutionary committees only last summer. The result is that the salary of the average Royal understudy has more than doubled within the last couple of decades.

Not that the "billet" was ever a particularly "soft" one. Count Capo d'Istria, President of Greece, originated the idea, and he had the mortification of losing two of his best doubles in less than eighteen months. One, a peasant named Botzaris, who exactly resembled Count Capo in face, form, and figure, was stabbed to the heart at dusk one evening, while driving home in his master's carriage from the Panhellenion, or Grand Council of State. The other, a lieutenant of irregular cavalry, was literally hacked to pieces by a band of no fewer than seven assassins in one of the main streets of Athens.

A TERRIBLE THREAT.

After that no one would take over the job on any terms whatever; so the President had perforce to content himself with publicly promising that whosoever assassinated him should, if captured, be punished by being immured within brick walls built round them up to their chins, and that they should be kept supplied with food in this species of torment until they died. The threat, however, fell flat. The Count was murdered shortly afterwards. And the terrible promise made by the deceased President was carried out to the letter by his government, the sufferers (his assassins) being two wealthy landowners named Mavromichaelis, respectively the brother and son of a Mainote chieftain whom Count Capo had imprisoned.

One great disadvantage attaching to the professional royal understudy is that he cannot very well appear as the representative of his employer at great public ceremonials, where the substitution would be certain to be detected. But for this drawback President McKinley would not have been assassinated, for it is a matter of common knowledge among the initiated that, at Washington, he kept permanently employed not one, but two doubles, whose duty it was to show themselves in turns at the windows of the White House, whenever the crowds, who are always more or less in evidence in front of the building, grew more than usually clamorous for a sight of their chief magistrate.

GERMAN EMPEROR'S SECRET.

In this, of course, Mr. McKinley was merely following the example of the Emperor William I. of Germany, whose understudy—at all events during the latter portion of the Emperor's life—used regularly to show himself to the people at a certain window of the Royal Palace at Berlin, precisely on the stroke of noon each week-day. So well was the secret of this little comedy guarded, that none outside the Emperor's immediate *entourage* suspected the ruse; nor were the facts generally known to the world, until they were made public by Prince Bismarck, some years after his Imperial master's decease.

In Spain, where court etiquette is exacting and inexorable beyond all conception, it would be well-nigh impossible even for a sovereign who was a man or woman grown to do without an understudy. To a child, such an ordeal would be quite out of the question. Consequently, the little Leon Alphonso, who, as all the world knows, came into the world a king, has had a succession of understudies from his cradle upwards. They have, for the most part, however, had a fairly safe if not particularly easy time of it, their duties being principally limited to deputizing for the boy monarch in as many as possible of the endless and tiresome court ceremonials.

The last understudy of our late revered Queen—Her Majesty had several during her long lifetime—is now living quietly in retirement in a little Gloucestershire village. His Majesty the King has so far got along without this peculiar appanage of royalty; although, so it is said, he has been frequently importuned to appoint one by his nephew, the German Emperor, who employs three. This number, by the bye, was also retained for service by the late King Humbert of Italy, and of this his enemies were well aware. Indeed, the principal duty deputed to Bresci's two native-born accomplices was to make certain that it was really the King, and not one of his understudies, that the anarchist killed.

Perhaps, however, the most tragic story connected with this strange profession is that which circles round M. Stambouloff, for so many years prime minister and uncrowned king of Bulgaria.

Thrice in succession was the man deputed by the great statesman to represent him assassinated, until no one could be got for money to play so dangerous a part. Then came forward Stambouloff's bosom friend, M. Beltcheff—a man of whom it used to be said that he was more like Stambouloff than was Stambouloff himself—and offered to take his place in public whenever possible.

At first Stambouloff would not hear of it, but eventually he consented to go about such business as he must needs transact after dusk with his friend and double always by his side, so that the assassins, whom he well knew dogged his every footstep, should be at a loss to tell which was which.

The precaution was well taken, but vain, for his enemies shot his friend dead by his side in the principal street of Sofia on the evening of March 27th, 1891. Stambouloff himself they allowed to escape, under the mistaken impression that he was Beltcheff. So the latter laid down his life for his comrade and colleague. But Stambouloff never looked up again. He knew, he said, he was doomed. And, as a matter of fact, he fell almost unresistingly a few months later, hacked well-nigh to pieces by the knives of the self-same set of assassins who had murdered his friend and double.

WHY OUR NAVY LOSES SHIPS.

MANY people are quite at a loss to explain why the British Navy loses so many ships through striking rocks and running aground in all parts of the world. The percentage is large as compared with other Naval Powers, and yet the fact is beyond refutation that the captains and commanders—and more particularly our admirals—are equal and in the majority of cases far and away superior to those of our Continental and American friends.

The reason why so many of our warships meet with their doom through such accidents as have been mentioned, such as the case of the *Viper* recently, is explained by the reason that pilots are an unknown quantity to the British Navy.

Britain is the only great naval power in the world which dispenses with the services of pilots, and the value of making our naval officers responsible for the safe conduct of their ships through difficult passages, and in and out treacherous harbours, will probably never be fully realised until we are plunged into a naval war. However useful and worthy pilots may be in the days of peace and plenty, it would be akin to courting disaster to rely upon them in times of war; that is, the pilots of other nations than our own. One has only to point to the South African war to realise the truths of this doctrine, for the employment of guides in that campaign by unsuspecting officers led our troops into many death traps.

WHAT THE CLOSURE IS.

UP to within a few years ago there was no rule in the House of Commons for limiting the length of a debate or the number of speakers. This freedom had been so often abused by a certain section who tried to prevent, by prolonged discussion, the House doing any business, unless it acceded to their wishes, that it became necessary to introduce some measure to put a stop to the nuisance.

So, on February 11th, 1882, the Speaker had power given to him to apply the new Standing Order, called the closure, when the occasion demanded, but the rule was only put in force for the first time on February 24th, 1885, on the occasion when Mr. William O'Brien was expelled from the House.

The closure enables the House to settle a question by calling for a division upon it without a debate, in opposition to a small minority wishing to lengthen their speeches still further.

A motion to apply the closure is only put to the House by the Speaker at the suggestion of the Leader of the House. But the Speaker has power to decline if he so wills.

The resolution made by Mr. Gladstone, on June 30th, 1893, to expedite the progress of the Home Rule Bill through the committee stage, has brought into use the terms "gag" and "guillotine." This was the application of the closure.

In accordance with the idea that the scheme was persistently obstructed, the bill was divided into four parts and a date for closing each part, without further discussion, fixed.

Clauses remaining undiscussed after the expired dates were said to be "gagged," that is, put by the Speaker by the new power he held and passed without debate. That is the meaning of the closure.

Long before its adoption by the British parliament the closure (also written closure) had been in force in the French, Spanish, Italian, Belgian, Norwegian, and Swedish parliaments, but is seldom exercised by them.

4oz. LOAVES AS DETECTIVES.

Warders often Bribe Convicts with Food to Recover Hidden Booty.

A HUNGRY convict would sell his birthright for a mess of porridge, as the deputy-governor of a large prison once wittily remarked to *P.W.*; and convicts often sell something infinitely more valuable than their birthrights for half loaves of bread.

Hungry convicts have before now given away secrets worth thousands of pounds for extra half-loaves. Were it not for the potent influence of hunger a good deal of the property for stealing which thieves are sent to prison would never be restored to its rightful owners, for prison warders generally know when a convict under their charge is supposed to have hidden any of his plunder with a view to realising it on being liberated—a common plan with rogues who know they have not covered their tracks sufficiently well to evade arrest.

When a warder suspects this of one of his charges, he often lays himself out to win the confidence of the convict, which he can generally do by making him an extra allowance of bread or porridge now and again, smuggling a little screw of tobacco for the prisoner to chew, and such-like attentions—all against the rules governing prisons, strictly speaking, but all more or less defensible in cases where it is done as a means of restoring other property to its lawful owners.

Prison-warders are an admirable class of public servants, but "to err is human," and when a not handsomely-paid warder suspects he can learn where is hidden property for restoring which a good reward is offered, it is not unnatural that he should be tempted to go against the prison rules and bribe the convict who could tell him with a few extra pieces of bread.

Very often the bribery is done disinterestedly, simply to further the ends of justice; on one occasion a warder wheedled from a convict the secret of the hiding-place of valuables to the worth of £7,000 and never benefited to the extent of a halfpenny by acquainting the owners of the property where it could be found; but more often than not there is a personal object in view, and that is not merely a reward which has been offered.

It is a fairly well-known fact in certain circles that an ex-warder owes his present flourishing position to a little clever speculating with prison bread and skilly. He won the confidence of the head of a small gang of men who were concerned in some big robberies with which the police failed to connect them, although they were arrested and sentenced for other crimes. So thoroughly did the warder play his part of secret friend in need, that before his convict *protégé* had served a third of his time, he himself had retired from the prison-service and bought a large and lucrative public-house with money left him by "a distant relative," a relative so distant that his will has never been proved nor his identity established.

The affair is no secret, but it cannot be proved, for the reason that the one man who could throw light upon the matter is the ex-convict who was bribed to give away the hiding-place of his gang's hoard, and to do that he would have had to admit having committed crimes for which he has not yet suffered punishment; and silence is golden to one in such a position.

By the judicious use of a few ounces of twist-tobacco, another warder obtained from a convict, who felt the tobacco-famine which obtains in prisons more keenly than hunger, two secrets which brought him a nice little sum of money and promotion. The convict was a well-known criminal, and as familiar with most big habitual rogues as he was with prison life; in fact, at one time he was the most successful and dangerous criminal in this country.

For the sake of an occasional quid of tobacco he confided to the warder who bribed him where it was possible the police might find a Russian-note forger's factory, for the detection of which the Russian Government was offering a handsome reward. The information was conveyed to the Russian Ambassador in London, and within three days the Paris police had raided the factory, and arrested the most important of the forgers.

The second secret this warder drew from the convict was the plan to rob a post-office in the Midlands. Had the information, which was at once passed on to the police, been made the most of, some important arrests might have been effected; but, as it was, the rogues, who had had the plan ready for execution for months and were only waiting a promising opportunity to carry it out, somehow got to know that their scheme was discovered, and abandoned it and decamped. But nevertheless, the warder obtained early promotion for affording his valuable piece of information.

Sometimes convicts who are known to have regularly associated with professional rogues before being sentenced are put into special charge of a warder who is known to be particularly clever at drawing secrets from his prisoners, and in such cases, of course, the warder's system of bribery is viewed with the blind eyes which experienced prison officials carry about them. Many hints and suggestions which prove most valuable to the police in the prevention of crime are obtained in this way, and it must be admitted that a four-ounce loaf of bread is well spent if it leads to the frustration of thieves who are planning a big robbery, or the identification of others who have committed crimes.

Why are you right-handed? The October PEARSON'S will tell you.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING

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REPLIES.

BIRDS THAT DON'T "SIT."

Do any Birds Hatch in an Erect Posture? (5747.)

The erect position during hatching is rare but it is the one adopted by penguins. These aquatic inhabitants of the Antarctic realm have lost the power of flight, their wings being reduced to flippers used for progression in water. At she same time their legs are set on very far back, and when on land they support themselves on the legs, aided by the stiff short tail. Their eggs are laid in crannies between rocks, and owing to the peculiar construction of penguins, are most conveniently hatched by maintenance of the erect position. It was formerly believed that the long-legged Flamingo stood over its curious nest, shaped like an inverted flower-pot, in performing the work of incubation. This, however, has been shown to be a mistake, for the bird folds up it legs when thus employed and rests upon its eggs like a fowl or other ordinary bird.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

What was the Origin of Blind Man's Buff? (5749.)

It is difficult to discover the origin of a game which must be almost as old as the human race. We know it was played by the Greek boys of Attic days under the name of "brazen fly," and that it became known in Italy as "mosca coca." In France we have "Colin Maillard," and in England it is as old as the fourteenth century, and probably far older. There is a picture of the game in a manuscript in the Bodleian dated 1344, and in those days it was known as "Hoodman blind," because the players were blinded with their hoods. Taylor, "the Water-Poet," ascribes the invention of the "unmatchable mystery of blind man buffe" to an Englishman named Gregory Dawson, about whom nothing more is known. To go to the East, it is known in Korea as "In the dark catching," in Japan as "Eye hiding," and in China as "Fishing by hand." The origin of the word itself is simple, the word "buff" being simply buffet, to strike with the hand.

WHERE SMALL STATES DON'T FLOURISH.

How Come it that Small States were able for so Many Centuries to Exist in Europe, but never for any Length of Time in Asia? (5750.)

Small states which have lived in Europe have usually been democratic, even though they have possessed monarchial governments, and they have fought for their liberties rather than for their rulers, save when the Throne has also stood for liberty; and their rulers have often learnt by hard experience that the liberties of even small communities cannot be trifled with with impunity. Again, either the jealousy or the policy of great states has frequently guaranteed the liberties of small ones. All this would be impossible in the East, where democracy is not even a theory and popular liberty is an absurdity. Might was and is the only title to rule; thus small states, ruled by petty despots, were swallowed up by greater despots, and these by greater still. Autocracy has always been distasteful to the genius of the West, while the Changeless East has looked upon it since the dawn of history as the only practicable and effective form of rule.

ENGLAND'S FIRST ADMIRAL.

Who was the First English Admiral? (5751.)

Naval historians are not unanimous on this point, as the available evidence is neither full nor quite clear. It appears certain, however, that no English officer held the title of Admiral till 1297, when William de Leybourne, who had a commission as "Captain of the King's sailors and mariners," was styled "Admiral of the Sea of the King of England" in a document dated March 8th of that year. The first English commission to the rank of Admiral is dated February 4th, 1303, and was given to Gervase Alard. Two other commissions given to Gervase Alard and Edward Charles are dated June 5th, 1306. During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the office of a commander of the fleet was temporary, and it was not till early in the fifteenth century that the title "Great Admiral of England, Ireland, and Aquitaine," became, for the first time, a permanent one in the person of John Beaufort, Earl of Somerset, appointed in 1406.

"BOOT AND SADDLE."

Why is the Cavalry Signal to Mount Called "Boot and Saddle"? (5752.)

This well-known call is really a corruption of the old French signal "Boute-selle"—"put on your saddles"—from "bouter," to put or place, and "selle," saddle. The mediæval saddles were of such cumbrous and heavy make that they were taken off the horses whenever possible. In Mathew's "Powerful Favourite," of 1628 we have "the trumpets sounded Boute-selle." In 1709 Steele wrote in the TATLER "the sound was changed to 'Boots and Saddle,'" but it seems probable that the phrase ran in its present form before that date, possibly coming into use during the Civil War among the Roundheads to whom the old French "Boute-selle" would seem pandering to the Cavalier and French tendencies of the Court.

"THE FOUR ILLITERATES."

Where did Reading and Writing Form a Bar to the Magistracy? (5753.)

At Norcia, in the erstwhile Papal States, so jealous were the people of clerical influence that one of their laws was that all men who could read and write should be incapable of bearing any share in the government. The magistracy of Norcia, which consisted of four persons, was known as *Gli Quatre Illiterati*, the Four Illiterates. Causes were examined without writings, and decided orally. This quaint custom came to an end with the overthrow of Italian civil institutions by the first Napoleon. Norcia is famous as the birthplace of St. Benedict, of monastic renown.

THE FIRST PEERESS.

Which is the First Instance in English History of the Creation of a Female Peer? (5754.)

Several great peerages have fallen to ladies in the natural course of events, but the first female peer by creation was Anne Boleyn. On September 1st, 1532, Henry VIII., by Royal patent, created her first Marchioness of Pembroke. Thus he identified her with his own family, as the last time the title of Pembroke had been borne was by his uncle, Jasper Tudor. The succession was to her heirs male. She was duly invested with a mantle and gold coronet. Henry added a grant of £35 per annum to herself and her heirs out of the Crown rents of the county of Pembroke, to be paid by the sheriff. The grant gave her precedence over all the other marchionesses in England. There were at that time two marchionesses closely allied to the Royal Family, namely, the Marchioness of Dorset (the King's own niece), and the Marchioness of Exeter, whose husband was the son of the King's aunt, the Princess Katharine Plantagenet.

£500,000 FOR BRENTFORD.

Did the Jews Once Offer to Purchase an English Town? (5757.)

The Jews made a bid for Brentford, in Middlesex, in Queen Anne's time. The negotiation with the Ministry is thus related by Lockyer in Spence's "Anecdotes." "The Jews offered my Lord Godolphin to pay £500,000 (and they would have made it a million) if the Government would allow them to purchase the town of Brentford, with leave of settling there entirely, with full privileges of trade, etc. The agent from the Jews said that the affair was already concerted with the chiefs of their brethren abroad, that it would bring the richest of their merchants hither, and, of course, an addition of above 20,000,000 of money to circulate in the nation. Lord Molesworth was in the room with Lord Godophin when his proposal was made, and, as soon as the agent was gone, pressed him to close in with it. Lord Godolphin was not of his opinion. He foresaw that it would provoke two of the most powerful bodies in the nation, the clergy and the merchants; he gave other reasons too against it, and, in fine, it was dropped."

A ROYAL REWARD.

What English Historian was Rewarded by his Sovereign with a License to Beg? (5755.)

James the First of England and Sixth of Scotland—probably the meanest man who ever sat on a throne—thus rewarded the practically invaluable labours of John Stow, the author of the "Survey of London" and the "Annalles of England" to which we are indebted for most of our exact knowledge of pre-Reformation England. Stow, a tailor by trade, spent all his means and nearly half a century of his life in collecting records which had been dispersed during the dissolution of the monasteries and compiling his own histories from them. At the age of eighty he found himself penniless and in debt. The penalties for begging without a license in those days were very severe. Hence the poor historian's modest request, which the King graciously granted, having "begun the largesse" and commending the petitioner to the piety and generosity of his faithful lieges.

PATRIOTISM ANCIENT AND MODERN.

Is it Possible to Draw a Distinction between the Attachment Felt by a Modern Man for his Native Land, and that Felt by Man in Ancient Times for theirs? (5755.)

The widespread knowledge of other countries, and the fact that identical or similar forms of government, society and religion prevail in most civilised countries, have necessarily affected the way in which modern men love their fatherland. We might say that a material patriotism has been turned into a sentimental one. In olden days, countries were isolated. The average citizen knew no language but his own, felt safe only under the guardianship of his local or national deities, and believed that the defeat of his country meant confiscation, slavery, exile in all likelihood; ruinous all-round loss of everything which made his life worth living. The number of organised nations was small and they made no attempt to understand each other; hence the prevalence of insensate national pride and a horror of foreign conquest felt even by the sufferers from tyrannical government.

Nowadays many men combine with a hearty love for their native land a deep dislike of many of her institutions and even of the national religion. They would fight her battles readily enough, but that implies no conviction that their personal welfare is bound up with the national existence. It is recognised that if a civilised country conquered and even annexed another, the everyday affairs of life might go on almost as if nothing had occurred. But when the citizen of any land looks back on its story, and sees with how great a price its independence has been won, its possessions consolidated and its institutions built up, he feels stirring within him an instinct which we regard as so natural that its absence seems almost as monstrous as lack of love and respect for parents.

"NO SICH PERSON."

Which London Newspapers were Nicknamed "Mrs. Harris" and "Mrs. Gamp"? (5758.)

In 1845 PUNCH entered upon a serious campaign against the STANDARD and the MORNING HERALD. "Martin Chuzzlewit" had already seized upon the town, and the names of "Mrs. Gamp" and "Mrs. Harris" were on everybody's lips. PUNCH chose to assume that the MORNING HERALD and the STANDARD—morning and evening papers then which represented the Conservative party, both of them until 1857 belonging to one proprietor—were edited respectively by the two ladies aforesaid. The STANDARD was very wroth. It would not have been so sore perhaps at being dubbed "Betsy Prig"; but being, in fact, almost a reprint of the HERALD, the suggestion of "Mrs. Harris"—a creature of no existence, the mere reflex of "Mrs. Gamp's" own inane and besodden brain—was too calmly provoking, as it was meant to be, to be borne in silence.

These two journals were highly unpopular at the time; for the "Manchester School" was making headway, and Free Trade was already a powerful and significant cry. So when PUNCH laughed at them for two—though really one—disreputable old women, and Leech's inimitable pencil typified them as such, in mob-cap and pattens, the public laughed with him, whatever their own political opinion might be. The quarrel begun in fun, was continued in earnest, and soon the HERALD, as a representative of public opinion, had no more dangerous antagonist than Mr. PUNCH.

QUESTIONS.

5781. Why does the nose vary more widely in shape and size than our other features?
5782. Macaulay says that as civilisation advances poetry declines and gives place to prose. Does history prove this?
5783. Is it true that the trunks of trees are always flattened on the north and south aspects, and expanded in the direction of east and west?
5784. Is it true that moles catch birds?
5785. Are the bones of all vertebrate animals white?
5786. Which river-bed approaches nearest to the straight line?
5787. What was the origin of the word "tip," meaning a gratuity?
5788. Why is a boy-groom called a "tiger"?
5789. What was the origin of the titles lance-corporal, lance-sergeant, etc., used in the Army?
5790. What was the origin of the sign "&" for "and"?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

"AND was she very pale?"

"As pale," exclaimed the doctor, "as if she had seen a microbe!"

"GOOD Heavens! what's the matter?"

"Hurt in a railway accident."

"Collision?"

"Yes; kissed the wrong woman in a tunnel."

LITTLE ARTHUR had been to church.

"How did you like the sermon?" asked his sister.

"Pretty well," responded the youthful critic. "The beginning was very good, and so was the end, but it had too much middle."

SID (who has been trying to open the larder door): "It's no good, Tom. Not one of the keys will fit."

Tommy: "Well, then, all we can do now is to wait until mamma comes home, and ask her for something for being good boys!"

Founded 1871.

The OCEAN Accident and Guarantee Corporation Ltd.

(Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.)

Capital Authorised £1,000,000 | Income, 1900 . . £878,492
Capital Subscribed £611,465 | Reserves Dec. 31st, 1900 . . . £921,417

Funds, 31st Dec., 1900 (excluding Uncalled Capital), £1,1E4,800.

The "Advanced" Policy of THE OCEAN CORPORATION is a remarkable development from the old-fashioned Accident contract, with its limited scope and restrictive conditions. The "Advanced" Policy is based on wide and liberal lines, and not only provides against Accidents, but also against Illness and Permanent Incapacity. It possesses, in addition, the important advantage of being World-wide as to Travel.

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R. J. PAULL. General Manager and Secretary

Wives! Fancy your husband telling you that you might go to any dressmaker, order a Six-guinea Costume, and send the bill in to him——

MY LORD'S 6th VALET

People with Armies of Servants.

THAT the Marquis of Anglesey, who was robbed of £30,000 worth of jewellery the other day by (so it was alleged) his "third valet," should carry a fortune in trinkets about with him in his portmanteau, did not apparently astonish the newspaper-reading public nearly so much as that he should have had a "third valet" to steal them.

As a matter of fact, not third only, but fourth, fifth, and even sixth valets are not infrequently to be found nowadays in the retinue of a really wealthy man-about-town; while, of course, every gilded youth with any pretensions to "form" must also retain permanently the services of a special private hairdresser, whom, by the way, he invariably designates his "coiffeur."

Society generally, too, has grown more luxurious in this respect in these latter years. Where, for instance, a decade ago, four or five footmen would have been thought sufficient for an ordinary country mansion, half a score are not now considered too many. And for this, and other similar extravagances, the huge fortunes acquired recently on the Stock Exchange, and in other forms of speculation, are largely responsible.

When Mr. Hooley, for example, was at the zenith of his meteoric career—during the autumn of 1897, that is to say—he was currently reported to have employed an army of over one thousand servants. Probably the report was true. At that time, it must be remembered, he was the possessor of no fewer than ten English estates, besides an extensive establishment in Scotland; and his personal tastes were of the most luxurious.

HOOLEY'S HIRED HOSTS.

The writer speaks from experience in this matter, for in August of the above-named year he had the pleasure—it was a pleasure—of breakfasting with the man who was at that time the talk of two continents, at the Midland Grand Hotel. Mr. Hooley then rented the entire first floor, paying £200 a week for the privilege, and his personal suite numbered close on fifty persons.

Among them were four valets, two coiffeurs, and no fewer than seven secretaries, four of whom were continually engaged in reading, investigating, and answering the 200 and odd begging letters, which constituted his daily average in this line at that particular period of his career.

The Duchess of Devonshire—who, by the way, enjoys the unique distinction of having twice married a duke—is credited with commanding a bigger army of servants than any other living Englishwoman.

Her Grace owns eight magnificent country seats and town houses, a château in France, and a villa on the Riviera, and at each and all of these very complete establishments are kept up. The Duchess is an excellent housekeeper, and exercises a close personal supervision over her various staffs of dependants, believing that there is nothing so advantageous to servants as the being in touch with a refined mistress. She frequently plays chess and other games with them, or reads aloud to them in the servants' hall, while visitors at Devonshire House, Piccadilly, are often asked by their hostess to play or sing to them.

LADY A. LIKES HER SERVANTS.

In this Her Grace is only following the example set by Lady Aberdeen, another large employer of this species of labour. Lady Aberdeen's interest in her servants is well-known, but some of her ideas regarding their treatment were too democratic for even democratic Canada, when her husband was Governor-General of that colony. Once, for instance, a famous Ottawa society leader and her spouse were invited to dine at Rideau Hall. The absence of the gentleman from the city, however, caused his wife to decline. Lady Aberdeen thereupon sent her an invitation to dine *en famille*, and on her arrival explained: "This is Haddo House night, when we all dine with the servants in their hall. The butler will take you in to dinner, and the principal *chef* will take me." But the visitor bluntly declined the honour, and stalked out of the house.

The Duke of Rutland, who is a dandy of the old school (he was born in 1818), never employs fewer than five valets, to each of whom is allotted a separate and distinct set of duties in connection with his master's toilet. His Grace, strolling slowly down the shady side of Pall Mall during the season, is a sight not easily forgotten. His clothes, perfect in cut and finish, are always quite new, while the pallid face and small clear-cut features harmonise with the hair, whiter than any silver, and much more shiny in its gloss.

Among living men the Tsar is said to employ the greatest number of domestics. Prior to the explosion in the Winter Palace, in 1880, some eighteen hundred servants resided within the precincts of this palace-city alone, but following on that tragedy there was a searching official investigation, which resulted in nearly one half of them being dismissed. Some queer facts came to light during the progress of the inquiry. Scores of menials were discovered, whose work no one could define, and whom no one had ever seen doing any.

One crone, who claimed to have been nurse to the Emperor Paul, had installed herself upon the flat roof of the palace, where, in an out-of-the-way corner, she had built not only a shanty for herself, but a sort of outhouse wherein the Commissioners discovered a cow, a sheep, and four pigs. Needless to say, she was promptly evicted, together with her live-stock. At the present moment the number of domestics dwelling within the walls of the Tsar's chief residence is estimated at about 1,000, of whom no fewer than 257 are enrolled in the kitchen staff. Many of these are very highly paid. The head cook receives £10,000 a year, and there are six other subordinate knights of the apron whose salaries range between £1,000 and £1,500 apiece. Altogether His Imperial Majesty has about 6,000 personal attendants in his employ, to whom he disburses in the shape of wages close on £100,000 every year.

Perhaps the late Sir Henry Ponsonby affords the only instance extant of a man who, having three valets in constant and close attendance upon him, yet preferred to look after his own wardrobe and do his own dressing. The three body-servants, he used to say, were forced upon him by the exigencies of Court etiquette; but not even Court etiquette could compel him to make use of them. The result of his abstinence in this respect was, it must be confessed, not particularly encouraging, for he was not infrequently known, when hurriedly dressing for a Court dinner, to fasten his wrist-bands with india-rubber rings in substitution for some buttons that had played him false.

A CHANGED MIND.

The evenings begin to get chilly,
  I feel the cold air at my throat,
In this district so bleak and so hilly;
  I shall soon want a new overcoat.

Shall I order a smartly cut "Chester"
  To wear with a half-guinea "tile"?
Or an up-to-date five-guinea "Raglan"
  Turned out in the very best style?

I'd better be off to my tailor's
  And order the best that he's got,
For I want something stylish and handsome,
  Though the price which he charges be hot.

What's this? A new bill for a bonnet—
  And one for a dress and a hat?
Farewell to both "Raglan" and "Chester,"
  It's useless to think about that.

To keep the cold air of the evening
  Away from my delicate chest,
I must cut out a piece of brown paper,
  And pin it inside of my vest.

BELGIUM KILLS ITS PRISONERS IN THREE YEARS.

THOUGH the death penalty was practically abolished in Belgium over thirty years ago, the punishment of those convicted of capital crimes is so awful that no one has yet been able to endure it more than three years.

Until recently, little Belgium had two public executioners, although one was sufficient for her big neighbour, France. The King of the Belgians recently ordered the retirement, on a pension of £90, of one of his executioners—the "executor of high works," as he is termed. The other executioner still holds his place at Brussels.

The duties of public executioner in Belgium are singular, but not arduous. The Courts still continue to sentence malefactors to death, but the guillotine has been replaced by a scaffold, on which is posted a copy of the sentence. Much ceremony is observed in affixing this document. A troop of police is drawn up about the place of execution, which they gravely guard with sabres drawn, while the red-robed executioner mounts the steps, nails up the decree of the Court, and, after a moment, takes it down again.

There his duty ends, for the condemned man is placed in a dungeon so constructed that, from the moment he enters it, he will never hear the sound of human voice nor see a living being. His food is passed through a sliding panel in the door of his cell.

Not one of these prisoners has been able to survive this confinement more than three years. The authorities have striven in vain to prolong their lives by varying their food as much as possible; but those who are moderately or lightly nourished gradually waste away, while those who are generously fed go mad and die raving maniacs.

PORTERS WHO SELL TROUSER BUTTONS.

How Railway Men Make Money in Spare Time.

IT is an admitted fact that the lower ranks of railway servants in this country are but poorly paid. From fifteen shillings to a guinea per week is a range that will cover many of the lesser grades. Small wonder is it, therefore, if the railway man having a family of young children to provide for should deem it necessary to look round for an opening to augment his scanty income.

The ordinary source of extra income is, of course, derived from the travelling public, but it must be remembered that there are many railway servants whose duties do not bring them into touch with passengers.

The practice now adopted by nearly all railway companies of collecting and forwarding luggage in advance is one that is not in favour with railway men.

Under the old system they handled the luggage and seldom went away empty-handed. Nowadays they but rarely see the passenger, and consequently miss the tip.

A smart man blessed with a good temper and a capacity for finding trains and their connections outside his own district is always in good demand, and although the tips are small they are frequent.

Refilling and general supervision of the various automatic machines for the sale of sweetmeats, biscuits, and so forth, is a small office which meets with its just reward.

Some railway companies allow their station-masters to transact assurance business, generally for one of the large accident companies.

On most lines there are to be found guards, porters, and others who will in the course of a day supply any article in the way of dinner-bags, tea-cans, celluloid collars, patent trousers buttons, and any other of the various small requirements of a railway man; whistles, ingeniously and neatly made from two bright uniform buttons, finding a ready sale. Watch clubs, usually run by a foreman, were a great feature at one time, but are not now nearly so popular.

Signalmen at country stations, who from the nature of their employment have plenty of spare time, generally fill in their leisure by making cloth hearthrugs, knitting socks, or propagating plants.

At one large station the writer knows of a "tobacco club" was formed. Two or three of the men acting as principals bought the tobacco from the warehouses at the usual trade price. On Fridays, which was known as "tobacco day," the men use to come for their week's supply. Of course, they got their tobacco slightly cheaper than they could at a shop, and the balance of profit went into the pockets of the principals. Undoubtedly a lucrative trade was being done until a deputation of angry shopkeepers objected, and the Inland Revenue authorities began to make ill-timed inquiries about a license.

Cycle repairing and cleaning, and also dealing in secondhand machines, is a form of money-making that appeals to not a few railway men, and the writer knows two men who found cycle dealing so much more remunerative that they left their situations and set up for themselves—with great success.

A guard on one of the Northern lines has more than a local reputation for electric alarm clocks. For a few shillings he will fix to any existing clock a bell which shall ring at its appointed time and continue ringing until such time as its sleepy owner gets up to stop it.

A goods porter at a station in Lancashire boasts of being able to value and buy old clothes, watches, jewellery, old silk and felt hats, and last but not least, old false teeth. What he does with them is a mystery, but he certainly buys them.

Finding lodgings and apartments for visitors is fairly remunerative, as commissions are usually forthcoming from both parties.

In most seaside towns there are lodging-houses kept by railway men. If a railway servant is on his annual leave he much prefers staying at a house kept by a fellow employé.

Flower and vegetable growing and poultry keeping are sources of considerable profit to many living within easy reach of the larger towns, the cheap rate of travel being an advantage of which many avail themselves.

Countless indeed are the small ways in which this body of intelligent public servants add to their wages. Keen, courteous, sharp-witted men, each of them is a possible rival to the smartest of the glossy hatted-crowd they pack off to the town and cities by the morning trains.

SANDSTONE: "Weren't you dancing with Miss Calloway last night?"

Fiddleback: "Yes; how did you know?"

Sandstone: "I saw her going into a chiropodist's this morning."

"SUPPOSE, Bobbie, that another boy should strike your right cheek," asked the Sunday-school teacher, "what would you do?"

"Give him the other cheek to strike," said Bobbie.

"That's right," said the teacher.

"Yessum," said Bobbie, "and if he struck that I'd paralyse him."

——Yet that is the offer the Editor makes you on page 215.

Men John Bull Pays to Spy out the Schemes of Other Powers.

WHEN, at the beginning of last year, Mr. Balfour announced that the vote for Secret Service was to be increased from £30,000 to £65,000 a great many people felt surprised. The majority of folks had long seriously believed that the British Secret Service existed only in the pages of the novel.

As a matter of fact, however, it is a very live organisation indeed. But, from their very nature, its workings seldom come into the glare of publicity. No details are ever asked or given, provided the Ministers responsible for the expenditure of the fund take the following oath:

"I swear that the money paid to me for foreign secret service, or for detecting, preventing, and defeating conspiracies against the State, has been *bonâ fide* applied to the said purpose and no other."

Occasionally a few facts leak out, but it is very seldom.

Only last January it became of vital importance that our own Admiralty should obtain certain information about the French submarine boats. For months past the French naval authorities had been trying to throw dust in our eyes by the publication in French engineering journals of misleading plans. It was recognised that there was only one remedy—a secret service agent must be employed.

The selection of this man was no light task. His identity is to this day known only to a few. His employers may have been the Admiralty, or the warship contractors, Messrs. Vickers Sons, and Maxim. This matters little. His qualifications were a thorough knowledge of engineering, the capacity to speak French like a native, and the ability to obtain the necessary billet as a mechanic in Cherbourg Dockyard.

HOW WE GOT BELLEVILLE BOILERS.

Within a few months of his appointment he had furnished us with the most valuable information. Everything was going swimmingly, when suddenly—he was silent. From that day to this he has been as one dead. There is a rumour at Cherbourg that a British spy was recently caught red-handed, and secretly sentenced to life-long fortress labour. But—that is all. Governments do not refer to these matters officially, and the spy who fails is lost.

Rather less than ten years ago a good-humoured looking little man boarded one of the Messageries Maritimes mail steamers, plying between France and Australia, and speedily fraternised with its chief engineer. He was the new under-engineer, and he evinced an interest in his work that put him very high in the estimation of his chief.

Early and late he was to be found hovering round the vessel's "Bellevilles," anxiously watching temperatures, pressures and feed valves, and always ready to lend a hand at the slightest hitch. He made two voyages out and home, and then suddenly quitted the service.

A few hours later, Edouard Gaudin, a native of Guernsey, who spoke French and English with equal facility, and than whom the British Navy had no more loyal engineer officer, had told Sir John Durston, Engineer-in-Chief of the British Navy, all there was to know about the water-tube boiler.

He spoke of its wonderful capacity for raising steam at a few hours' notice, of its safety in case of accident, of the thousand and one advantages of the new type of steam raiser. Perchance he dwelt, too, upon its disadvantages.

BRIBERY STOPPED 14,000 FRENCH SOLDIERS.

Be that as it may, it is not too much to say that the intrepid engineer took his life in his hands when he entered the French company's service. Had his identity been discovered he would have probably "fallen overboard," or been "crushed in the crank pit," or met with one of those thousand and one little disasters which—accidentally, of course—happen to unpopular people on the high seas.

English history teems with incidents of successful secret service, not always to our own advantage. The failure of the historic French invasion of Ireland, in 1796, was largely due to a judicious use of the Secret Service funds.

The expedition, which was under the command of General Hoche and the notorious Wolfe Tone, comprised forty-three ships and 14,000 soldiers, besides heavy siege artillery and large quantities of arms and ammunition. With its arrival off Bantry Bay, a heavy tempest and snowstorm not only prevented an immediate landing, but drove many of the vessels out to sea. Amongst them was the General's ship, the *Fraternité*.

Three weeks later she ran into La Rochelle without her consorts, who, after vainly waiting their General's return, reluctantly returned to France. The invasion had failed. But the failure was not so much due to the warring elements cited by the *Fraternité's* captain as to that gentleman's venial proceeding in accepting a heavy British bribe to delay the landing of the expedition by every means in his power.

On the evening of June 15th, 1815, an officer in the uniform of the 7th Hussars rode into a little village near Waterloo, in which some British regiments were quartered. Checking his horse outside an inn door, he called to some artillerymen, who were lounging near, and demanded to see their officer, Major Leathes. He was informed that the officer in question was not in the village.

He then thoroughly catechised the gunners as to their strength in horses, men, and guns, in order that he might determine whether Lord Uxbridge could stable there an additional 200 horses for the night. After bullying the local mayor, and ordering the men right and left, he gracefully remounted his pony and rode out of the village, just as Major Leathes entered it from the opposite direction.

Eventually it transpired that he was a member of Napoleon's celebrated secret service. But, so boldly had he played his part, that none felt more pleased at his escape than the Tommies he had so cleverly hoaxed.

Those who have read Fennimore Cooper's fictitious "Spy," and have followed the fortunes of the gallant young British spy, Major André, who was shot by Washington's order, must be numbered by millions. But it is a curious fact that the most useful spy ever employed by a British general died in poverty, practically unknown to the nation he had benefitted.

THE GREATEST SPY WE EVER HAD.

The man in question was Colquhoun Grant, who throughout the Peninsular War was Wellington's most trusted intelligencer. His faculty for spying out an enemy's plans and strength was that of a "B. P.," whilst his escapades belittled those of a De Rougemont. His watchword was "Thorough," and to this he owed most of his great successes, of which one incident must suffice.

On a certain occasion when the French occupied Tamames, they began to openly prepare for the storming of Rodrigo. Their officers made no secret of the fact that Marmont intended to move against that town on the earliest possible occasion. Wellington, however, had his suspicions of this embarrassing frankness, and Grant was dispatched to ferret out the truth.

He concealed himself in a wood near Tamames, where the road branches to Rodrigo and Perales. Shortly afterwards the French moved out to the assault. Regiment after regiment, gun after gun, waggon after waggon, tramped down the Rodrigo road, until Grant calculated that practically the whole French force had passed.

Nine men out of ten would have returned post haste to headquarters, and reported the imminent assault of Rodrigo. But Grant was one of the tenth. His eagle eye had not been so dazzled by the huge force, the siege artillery, and the direction of the march, but that it had missed one indispensable adjunct of an assault. He rapidly doubled back to Tamames, found the town empty, *save for the Frenchmen's scaling ladders*, and forthwith was able to report that the investment was only a feint. It is this eye for detail that marks the dividing line between the great spy and the mere gasbag.

"I NEVER could see why they always called a boat 'she.'"

"Evidently you have never tried to steer one."

JIMMY: "I'd like to be a doctor when I grow up."

Tommy: "What for?"

Jimmy: "So's when fellows' mothers brought 'em to me I could say keep 'em home from school a week or two."

WALKER: "They say that Napoleon was so self-possessed that not even the sound of a pistol fired close to his ear could make him start."

Wheeler: "Then he wouldn't have stood much show in a bicycle race."

EDITOR (to Reporter): "Have you got the account of that Woman's Suffrage meeting that's been held?"

Reporter: "Yes, sir."

Editor: "What's that big roll of paper under your arm?"

Reporter: "What they said at the meeting."

Editor: "And that slip of paper you have in your hand?"

Reporter: "What they did."

"AH," said the emotional tragedian, as he came in sight of a farmhouse, "mayhap this worthy peasant will give some refreshment for the inner man. What ho, there!"

The worthy peasant gazed at the tragedian for a moment, and answered:

"Yew idiot! Don't yew know a pitchfork from a hoe?"

And having thus spake, he disappeared within his abode.

WORKERS WHO ABHOR THE THINGS THEY MAKE.

Cigarette-Makers who Don't Smoke, and Salmon Canners who Prefer Old Boots to Fish.

No perfume is more exquisite than attar of roses to the nostrils of the average man or woman. Yet the dwellers in and about Smyrna, where it is principally prepared, are said to so loathe and detest it that they will go miles out of their way, when not actually engaged at the vats, in order to avoid the odour that is wafted abroad during the process of distillation. Similarly musk is said to be the most abhorred of all scents among the semi-wild musk-deer hunters of the Thibetan plateaux. Indeed, it appears to inspire in them much the same instinctive disgust as does the effluvia of the skunk or polecat among us, and they are utterly unable to understand how anyone can find pleasure in inhaling it.

It used to be customary to allow all the newly-apprenticed lads at Messrs. Huntley and Palmer's biscuit factories at Reading to consume as many as they would of the delicious confections produced by the firm during the first few weeks of their service, the effect being to induce a practically life-long aversion to this particular form of gastronomic delicacy. Men and boys alike, having completed their terms of probation, are regularly permitted to take home a parcel of cakes and biscuits every Saturday on quitting work for the week, but few, if any among them, ever touch the dainties, reserving them, if married, for their wives and children, or for their friends or parents if single.

The salmon-canners of Alaska, after several months steady diet of freshly-caught fish, grow to so loathe the succulent meat that many of them become really and seriously ill, and some among them have been known to practically die of starvation in the midst of plenty. In the spring of 1886, for instance, the Columbian Canning Company's steamer, *Ariel*, calling at Orca, a small station near the outlet of the Copper River, found the fishermen there eating their leathern belts and accoutrements. They had long before devoured their oilskins. And all the while they had by them some hundreds of tons of salmon, both tinned and frozen.

A similar strange loathing, too, manifests itself among the cod-fishers of the Newfoundland banks after a protracted cruise. Sailing-ships, driven across the fishing-grounds by stress of weather, find the fishermen only too eager to exchange half a dozen fine fresh fish, weighing perhaps close on a couple of hundredweight, for a few ounces of rancid pork.

The novices among the coolie pineapple-canners of Singapore frequently suffer from a virulent eruptive skin disease, owing to their greediness in devouring the luscious fruit. After a few weeks, however, they experience a violent nausea at the mere sight of a pineapple, so that in many instances they are obliged to temporarily leave off work; and this, again, is succeeded by a species of chronic but apathetic abhorrence, which permits of their going on canning the pines, but absolutely precludes their using them as food.

In the great cigarette factory at Seville, the largest in the world, employing some fifteen thousand women and girls, there are not more than a couple of hundred habitual users of the weed. And this in a country where practically every other woman—among the lower orders, at all events—is an inveterate cigarette smoker.

Chartreuse, that most delicious of liqueurs, is never drunk by the monks who manufacture it. Not, however, because they are forbidden its use, but because, as novitiates, they are purposely encouraged to sip, and sip, and sip again, until a state of satiety is superinduced from which they never properly emerge.

Nor is this curious abhorrence towards the products of their own industry confined solely to people producing or handling eatables, drinkables, or perfumes. It is a fact well known to medical specialists that prolonged exertion in any one direction is apt to induce a state of morbid nervous irritation which absolutely precludes the patient following his avocation.

A telegraph operator, for instance, wakes one morning to find he has suddenly developed so invincible a repugnance to tapping the keys that any attempt so to do throws him into more or less violent tremors. The musician discovers that a similar effect is produced when he tries to play the piano, the violin, or whatever his instrument may be.

Nor are these, and other similar ailments, by any means imaginary on the part of the patients. On the contrary, they are exceedingly real and well recognised, being known to medical men indifferently under the generic titles of "fatigue disease," "handicraft spasm," or "co-ordinate business tremor." A typical case is related by Quain. A woman had, for a period of close upon twenty years, worked at making knife-handles in a large factory near Rheims. Then one day, without the slightest warning, she developed so violent an antipathy towards her particular work that any attempt to perform it threw her into violent convulsions of a kind not unlike those produced in a hydrophobic patient by the offer of water. She was put to forging blades, and worked in that capacity steadily and well, but whenever she attempted to return to her original vocation her malady reasserted itself, and compelled her sooner or later to relinquish her task.

You must not miss B. Fletcher Robinson on the "Humour of Shooting," in the October PEARSON'S.

Funds which Exist to Encourage Matrimony by Means of Cash Bonuses.

THERE are in existence to-day some half-dozen funds which obtain solely for the purpose of encouraging marriage, and the majority have been instituted by men who have conferred the benefits to mark their appreciation of the happiness brought to them by their wives.

Perhaps the best known fund of this description is that which was created by the late millionaire Marquis of Bute, who, to commemorate his silver wedding in 1897, presented the sum of £1,000 to the Cardiff local authorities to be invested, the annual interest accruing from which has to be given to whichever pair of Cardiff lovers are able to satisfy the trustees of the fund that they more than any other applicants of their year need the gift to enable them to marry and set up a home. It is laid down in the condition under which the bequest was made that the young woman must be of good moral character, and her lover must also be of good repute, sober and industrious.

The first couple to benefit by this excellent fund came forward in 1898, when the first year's interest had accrued. The young woman was a nursemaid, and her lover was employed by a local firm of paper manufacturers. They received the useful sum of £28, which must have assisted them materially in furnishing their home.

A year later a young woman, named Alice Raymont, a housemaid, and her lover, an ex-soldier, employed by a Cardiff builder, received a similar amount.

An almost identical fund was instituted in 1882 under the will of a Signor Favale, an Italian composer, who created the fund to mark his good feeling for the English people, among whom he had lived for a number of years.

A CHANCE FOR LONDON GIRLS.

Signor Favale's knowledge of finance was not, however, as great as his heart was generous, for, whereas he stipulated that the amount he bequeathed to form the fund (about £700) should be invested by the Corporation of the City of London, and only the annual interest, divided into three sums of £12 each, to be paid to three respectable young women, who would thus be assisted to a position to marry their lovers, it was, of course, found utterly impossible to invest so small an amount as £700 in such a way that it produced £36 in yearly interest. Trustees, which the Corporation were created by the bequest, are bound by law only to invest trust moneys in certain classes of stocks and bonds, which alone are considered really safe, and which pay comparatively small interest.

The City Corporation, therefore, found it impossible to carry out to the full the conditions of the bequest, and, to do the best possible, invested the money, to remain untouched until it had, at compound interest, increased sufficiently to enable three sums of twelve pounds to be given away every year, without touching the capital.

The time is now rapidly drawing near when the Corporation will be in a position to make the first three donations. It will then be its duty to decide upon three respectable young women between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five, whose characters will bear strict investigation and who can satisfy the trustees that the donations would enable them to marry good hard-working men to whom they are engaged, and that but for the donations they would have either to wait a considerable time before marrying, or risk endless difficulties, as so many do, by marrying without adequate funds.

ORPHAN GIRLS WANTED HERE.

Another metropolitan fund for the encouragement of matrimony is of somewhat obscure genesis, controlled by the acting governors of the Endowed Charities of St. George's-in-the-East. The sum of one hundred guineas is set aside every year for the purpose of promoting the marriages of orphan young women, whose welfare the Endowed Charities have at heart, to respectable young men in regular employment. The hundred guineas are divided up into just as many and what amounts the trustees think right and proper, and according to the number of girls to be benefited; but the amounts never fall below £10, and are often as much as £30.

The recipients have to justify their claims to the donations by satisfying the trustees that they are sufficiently acquainted with the various branches of household management and home duties as to make good wives; and their lovers have also to show reasonable cause for thinking that they will make good husbands and useful members of society.

Many years ago a Glasgow merchant left £3,000 to form a fund to encourage others to do just what he had never himself done—marry. Despite the fact that he had never taken unto himself a wife, this gentleman, whose name was Anderson, was tenderly inclined towards the weaker and gentler sex, and was a staunch advocate of matrimony, which is hardly less strange than the fact that he should have insisted that an ability to dance well was a necessary qualification for a good wife.

His bequest was arranged so that once a year three young British maidens, at the time engaged and able to read, write, and dance, and to attend to household duties and a husband's wants, should each be presented with twenty guineas.

Under the will of a German financier a system exists in a small German town, called Haschmann, of rewarding lovers who marry girls belonging to that town who have nothing in the way of personal attractions to commend them to their lovers. A large sum of money was left by the financier to provide dowries for

(1) the plainest woman under thirty married in the town during each year,

(2) the most confirmed cripple severely handicapped by her affliction, and

(3) four women not under forty who had been more than once jilted by their lovers.

The dowry for the year's ugliest bride and the other for the cripple are never allowed to be less than £20 and £15 respectively; and, whenever possible, the other four dowries have to reach £10.

But the trustees of the fund are allowed to use their own discretion in increasing the amount of the two more important gifts at the cost of reducing the others, when they have to deal with any case of unusual ugliness or a severely afflicted cripple. The only conditions for entering these contests are that in every case the women must be daughters of respectable married people and the husbands must be in regular employment at the time of their marriages, and be able to produce at least three years' good characters from recent employers, who must vouch for the men's honesty and soberness.

HOW FRANCE HELPS LOVERS.

In France there exists a society for the purpose of providing dowries for all young working people who are wise and thrifty enough to enrol themselves among its members. The funds of the society, of which M. Paul Deschanel is the present head, are not covered by charitable donations, but are provided by the members themselves, who, by joining the society, enter upon a sort of insurance against matrimony, though not with a view to avoiding it, but providing for it, for they do not benefit until they do marry.

A young man or woman joining the society has to pay twenty pence a month, and after five years becomes entitles to about £18 upon getting married, which is, of course, infinitely more than could be obtained by simply putting one and eightpence a month away in a savings bank for five years. And he—or she—can provide for larger dowries by paying in proportionately larger monthly or weekly fees.

But even supposing two members of the society, who had been investing their humble fivepence a week, marry, there is a comfortable sum of £36 to come to them jointly. Such an amount is a small fortune to poor folks marrying. And who, earning anything regularly, could not afford to invest a pound a year to so great an advantage? The society is an immense success, having something considerably over a hundred thousand members.

"COPPERS, SIR."

A SCHOOLMASTER in a village school was giving the children a Bible lesson, the subject being the healing of the lame man, as recorded in Acts, Chapter III. After reading the verse containing Peter's assertion, "Silver and gold have I none, etc.," the master asked, with the idea of finding out if the children were grasping the reason of the healing:

"Now, what had Peter got, then?"

A number of hands went up, and on being pointed to a bright-eyed girl of seven answered quickly:

"Coppers, sir."

FISH THAT GO 40 MILES AN HOUR.

FEW of us have an accurate idea of the rate at which fish swim. When we say that a person is "as fat as a porpoise," we hardly associate a quick rate of swimming with that individual, yet he, and everybody else, would like to be able to get through the water as rapidly. Porpoises have been seen to dart round and round a steamer travelling seventeen miles an hour, thus proving their capacity to swim at a greater rate than that.

The dolphin may be placed on a level with the porpoise, but the bonito has occasionally been known to approach forty miles for short distances

Herrings, in shoals, move steadily at a rate between ten and twelve miles; mackerel swim much faster, and both trout and salmon go at a rapid pace when migrating up a stream for spawning.

Whales are not fish in the scientific sense, but it is interesting to note that these monsters swim at a rate of sixteen miles an hour when excited, although their ordinary speed is estimated at between four and five miles.

NAME-HUNTING COMPETITION.

No. I.—Famous Footballers.

First Prize, £25; Second Prize, £10; Three Prizes of £5 each;

and numerous other prizes.

Special Prize for Ladies. A six-guinea costume, which the winner may have made anywhere and send the bill to us.

In the event of ladies winning the 1st and 2nd prizes, the Special Prize will go to the lady next most nearly correct. Should gentlemen win the 1st and 2nd prizes, the Special Prize will go to the lady most nearly correct.

CLOSING DATE WILL BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK.

Below will be found ten sets of words, each set describing the name of a football player.

Write down in the spaces provided the names of all those players you can discover. If you can't find all, put down as many as you can.

NOTE THESE FACTS. . .

1. Names must be written in ink.
2. Where there are two or more players of the same name, the initials may be indicated in the words describing the name, and should be put on the solution.
3. Only one name is allowed against each set of words.
4. The names are those of Association players only.
5. When you have filled up your list, cut it out and keep it by you, with the two previous lists, until we tell you to send it in.
6. You may send in as many sets of lists as you like, but each set will be accepted independently.
7. In the event of the prize being divided, only one share will go to each successful competitor, no matter how many duplicate attempts he may send in.

The first prize of £25 will be given to the reader from whom we receive the greatest number of correct solutions. The second prize will be given to the sender of the next most nearly correct solutions, and so on. In the event of a tie, the prizes will be divided at the discretion of the Editor, whose decision is final.

THE FIRST LETTER OF THE CORRECT NAME IS GIVEN IN EACH CASE

Cut to edge →

Example:
A Firearm ..... *Gunn* .....

21. See, Short-Tailed Animal ..... *21. H*.....
22. Legs ..... *22. S*.....
23. Walk Like a Duck ..... *23. W* .....
24. A Man who Works in a Garden ..... *24. G*.....
25. Grumpy ..... *25. C*.....
26. Mac's not ill..... *26. M* .....
27. Our Greatest General ..... *27 R*.....
28. Odoriferous ..... *28. S*.....
29. Not Wrong ..... *29. W*.....
30. Inter ..... *30. B*.....

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Cut to edge →

In order that competitors may have plenty of room to write their solutions, the coupon should be cut through the margin of the paper to the edge.

All the names depicted will be found in "Football Who's Who," which contains the biographies of nearly a thousand players, and can be obtained for 1s. 2d., post free, from the publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Read the whole of the third column carefully each week, whether you are a competitor or not.

GAG-BILLING AS A FINE ART.

Queer Theatrical Posters that have Brought Fame and Fortune to their Author.

Mr. George Belmont, lessee and manager of Sadler's Wells Theatre, is a man who has achieved no small measure of success, pecuniary and otherwise, thorugh gag-billing.

A gag-bill, it may be explained, is a bill, or poster, which, while advertising the show and the artists, also attracts patrons to a music-hall or theatre owing to the extravagance and quaintness of its wording.

Mr. Belmont's first experience of the possibilities inherent in the gag-bill occurred when, some years back, he became manager of the old Sebright. On that occasion he brought out a bill which went right through the alphabet, beginning with "Astounding Aerialists And Ascentionists, Aquatic Artistes," etc., and winding up with "Youthful Yodelers, Yankee Yarnists, and Zealous Zouaves."

That programme was quoted in the press of two hemispheres, and even such staid, old-fashioned journals as The Times and the Globe did not disdain to notice it.

Encouraged by his success, Mr. Belmont soared to far higher flights. For example, soon after he had opened Sadler's Wells ("Sunny Sad"), and had had the satisfaction of beginning to see it go with a swing, he managed to secure the services of Marie Lloyd, then in the zenith of her fame, and this is how he wound up the special bill which announced the important fact to his patrons: "So be sure and be here and Behold this Beautous Bundle of Blonde Beatitude with the Terpsichorean Talent of a Taglioni, a Perennially Pretty Piquant Pert and Personal Pet."

Again, when the same popular artiste was singing her "Tricky Little Trilby" song, he invited all and sundry to come and see the "Tasty Timely Telling Tender Tempting Toothsome Transcendant Trim Tactical Twinkling Triumphal Tantalising Tricky little Trilby."

Each and every artiste who appeared at the "Wells" was alliteratively announced. Thus the Sisters Lloyd became the "Saltatorial Soubrettes," Tom Leamore was the "Wholesale Wrinkle-Wrecker," Daisy Wood posed as "She of the Syrup Smile," while Minnie Palmer became a "Curule Connotative Circe."

When he engaged the Eight Eldorado Girls, who at that time had been doing "big things" at the Palace, he astounded even alliterative artistes by bringing out a gag-bill of several hundred words, in the course of which he described the new "turn" as:

> Eight Elysian Elastical Enchantresses,
> Huit Heavenly Hedonic Houris,
> Otto Odoriferous Opalescent Oscillators,
> Acht Angelic Airy Amoretti,
> A Matchless Myriad of Merry Maids,
> A Drove of Delightful Dancing Divinities,
> A Bevy of Blonde and Brunette Beauties,
> A Wriggling Wave of Winsome Witches,
> A Luscious Lot of Laughing Lassies,
> Octoriary Omnium Gatherum of Gyrating Girls.
> Tremendous Tambourine Toe-Tapping Terpsichoreans, etc., etc., etc.

It was at the Sebright on February 23rd, 1891, that Joe Elvin first produced his now popular piece, "The Bookie." This is how George Belmont announced it: "A Repletory, Rippling, Roaring, Rushing, Rollicking, River of Risibility." He also used to give boxing entertainments, which were very extensively patronised by the youth of the neighbourhood. One week twenty local pugilists paraded to take on all comers; but, explained the proprietor:

> If on any Evening no one has
> The
> Temerity
> To
> Try
> To
> Take on
> These
> Twenty
> Thick 'uns,
> Then Tricky Toff Wall and Brother
> Bill will spar three rousing
> rounds instead.

It was not, however, his artistes alone upon whom Mr. Belmont was wont to exercise his alliterative skill. No incident in the daily working of his place of entertainment was too trifling to be worked up into a gag-bill, provided only he thought he saw a chance of making people laugh, or talk, thereby. For instance, opposite the Sebright, in the old days, was a fried-fish shop kept by a certain Mrs. French, and which used to be freely patronised by the members of the audience after the "show" was over.

One day it chanced that Mr. Belmont overheard an urchin say to his companion, "I say, Bill, I alluz likes to see Mother French 'ere, cos she's sure to be in a jolly good humour afterwards, and dishes out rippin' pennorths o' plaice." Next day the following leaflet was distributed by the thousand all over the neighbourhood:

> FANCY
> ANNY
> RENCH
> OOLISHLY
> RYING
> ORTY
> OUR
> INE
> RESH
> ISH
> OR
> RANCIS
> OSTER'S
> IDGETY
> ATHER'S
> AVOURITE
> OOTMAN
> OR
> OURTEEN
> ARTHINGS
>
> After she had been to Belmont's New Sebright.

Or he would use his art to directly boom his show. The entertainment he offered was "A Brobdingnagian Beehive of Beauty and Bustle with a Mission to Make the Masses Merry." At another time it was "A Cyclopean Conglomeration of Seductive Serios and Callid Comics," for whom varieties were written by "An Attic-Array of the Brightest and Best Stellar Songsters culled from Creation's Conglutination." Or yet again the public were invited to "See Sunny old Sad's Sybaritic Shows, real Cachinnatory Carnivals."

When the Boer War started he brought out a sketch entitled "A Speedy Settlement," and invited all and sundry to "See Sad's Sensational Sabre-Slaying and Shrapnel-Slaughtering Spectacle." This to be followed by "Sunny Sad's Set of Singing Stars Splendaciously Scintillating, Shedding Salubrious Sunshine, Sowing Substantial Sweetness, and Scientifically Shifting Sorrow."

Most people will remember Sequah, who used to draw teeth painlessly on the stage. Here is Belmont's description of him:

> The Dolorific Dent Dislodger.
> The Troublesome Tooth Touser.
> The Bothersome Bicuspid Banisher.
> The Irritating Incisor Interruptor.
> The Malignant Molar Mover.
> The Cumbersome Canine Chaser.

George Mozart is styled "A Mirth-Making Musical Monitor in a Comic Instrumental Gallimaufry." The Crawford Brothers are "Fertile Felicitous Fervid Founders of Fantastic Funnicsities." Milner Verren, we are gravely informed, is "a Verren Nice Singer." Tom Bass is "Britain's Best Barrel." George D'Albert is "The Throstle-Throated Man from the Mohawks." The Craggs put forward a "Penthesilean Programme."

Sadler's Wells prices are not high, and Mr. Belmont reminds his patrons of the fact thusly:

> Xcuse us
> Xtolling the
> Xcellence of our
> Xceptionally
> Xtatic
> Xtras, as we don't
> Xtort
> Xhorbitant
> Xes, thereby
> Xhausting or
> Xterminating your
> Xchequer.

Even the members of the staff have, most of them, alliterative cognomens. Thus the leader of the orchestra is the "Catgut Champion," the stage manager is the "Stage Strideman," the acting manager is the "Front Functionary," and they are, one and all, "Accomplished, Adroit, and Artistic Adjuvants to Belmont, Boss and Boomer."

"Now, let me see! We've got the parlour furniture, the bedroom suites, and the kitchen outfit. Is there anything else?" said the prospective bride.

"Why, you have no library," said the girl's mother.

"Oh, never mind that now, mamma; I'll write to Mr. Carnegie after we're married about that."

American Manager (to playwright): "You touch up plays, I understand; introduce new business, and that sort of thing?"

Playwright: "Oh, yes."

American Manager: "Very well. I'm going to the back-woods next week with *Hamlet*, and I want you to re-write the play so as to bring in two bloodhounds and a baby."

Customer: "Why haven't you called upon me for that little bill I owe you?"

Grocer: "Oh, I make it a rule never to ask a gentleman for money."

Customer: "Indeed! But suppose a man is indebted to you and doesn't pay?"

Grocer: "Well, after a certain length of time I conclude he is not a gentleman; then I ask him."

PEOPLE WHO RIDE "NO CLASS."

Exciting Journeys on the Outside of the Train.

A booking-clerk, who was in the employ of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway in Manchester, claimed to have made the most sensational railway journey, apart from fiction, perhaps on record.

Working at Miles Platting, near Manchester, he resided some three miles away, near the Victoria Station. Every other week it became his turn to book out the first train in the morning, leaving Victoria at 5.15 and Miles Platting at 5.18. He could not travel by that train from its starting point and be in time to book the passengers waiting at the latter station, so he rode on an empty engine which left Manchester some eight or nine minutes before the train.

One morning he was late. When he arrived at Victoria Station the empty engine was just moving away from the siding just beyond one of the platforms. He sped along after it, and was only just in sufficient time to clutch hold of an iron rod that projected over the off-side of the tender, that is, the rear part of the engine. He tried to raise himself up for the purpose of securing some sort of a footing on the engine, but all his efforts in that direction failed. Thus, literally hanging in mid-air, he was whirled onwards to his destination, where he arrived more dead than alive.

People who travel regularly between the Metropolis and the suburbs usually form parties, and these have their regular carriages. It sometimes happens that a noisy passenger, finding perhaps all the available carriages filled with the proper complement of travellers—five each side—will try to force his way into a reserved compartment containing at the most, by the pleasure of the officials, eight friends, regular travellers. The latter resent the intrusion of a stranger.

One morning, at Richmond, on a crowded up-train, a man insisted on making the ninth person in a reserved carriage. The "regulars" would have none of him; there was the usual scene. The officials tried to coax the man away, but he refused to budge an inch.

As the train moved off he jumped on to the footboard, put his fist through the window, which the men inside had pulled up, and hit the men nearest the door. An exciting fight ensued, and notwithstanding that the train was increasing in speed and had cleared away from the station, an effort was made to dislodge him from his dangerous position. He rode express on the footboard as far as Waterloo, and was never so scared in his life.

A Leeds man once made a bet that he would walk the whole length of a train, get round by the carriage nearest the engine, and return by the other side whilst the train was running at full speed.

When the train left the station he got out of the window of the carriage where his friends were seated, but he had proceeded no further than the next compartment but one when the window of that carriage was lowered by a frightened hand, and the poor fellow was held there as in a vice till the train was pulled up at the next signal-box, which was some distance off. He was thought to be some criminal bent on felonious intent. So the bet was declared "off."

A Birmingham man, an inn-keeper, made a £50 bet that he would succeed in riding on a small trolley-truck for a distance of three miles, this to be attached to the rear carriage of a fast train running between Wolverhampton and Dudley.

A trolley-truck is a low-sized, four-wheeled vehicle used by platelayers for carrying the tools they want when repairing the permanent way, and it hardly ever travels at a greater speed than fast walking. The men usually sit on it sideways and propel it by pushing one foot against the ground.

The bet was carried out early in the morning when the superior railway officials had not put in an appearance, and a friendly nod satisfied the lesser lights. The little truck, when the train arrived, was adroitly run up to the last carriage—it happened to be an extra composite which had been coupled up to the train at the last station—and all was made fast. Neither the guard of the train nor the driver knew what was going on.

The man jumped on to it, and in a short time the train was going at the rate of fifty miles an hour, with the trolley bumping over the rails and momentarily threatening disasters. But the man, assuming a kneeling position, and gripping hold of the sides of the wobbling truck, managed to keep on and win his bet.

A stranger once got within the gates of a London goods yard bent on having a cheap ride by goods train to the North. A fairly large boiler was included with other machinery for a journey to Glasgow. This man somehow managed to wedge himself inside one of the stoke-holes of the boiler, and did the trip to Scotland in that quaint style. Arrived in Glasgow, he was punished as a vagrant.

Britishers were roused into enthusiasm by reading the accounts of the escape of Mr. Winston Churchill from Pretoria by hiding in a goods train, but the exploits of Prince Alexander of Teck were even more daring. He was once in charge of a train conveying many sick and wounded. The journey was a long one, and not liking to take up room in the train itself, the accommodation being scanty, he and a brother officer elected to ride in a standing position immediately in front of the engine.

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE for October contains six complete stories and eight articles. Buy it. On sale everywhere.

When John Bull has Battled for Years with Bad Luck—and Won.

ONE of the most remarkable fights against fate was the construction of the Sibbi Railway in India. At the outset it seemed as if a conspiracy of circumstances had decreed that the railway should not be built, but British minds conceived it, determined upon having it, and would not be conquered.

Time after time the 25,000 odd men who were employed on the construction of this iron road saw the fruits of the immense labour swept away by stones or ruined by native mobs, who look upon the enterprise as a work of evil spirits.

During the whole six years the road was in course of construction the labourers were working face to face with terrible diseases. Men used to drop down and die of sunstroke and sickness with their tools in their hands, but no one ever thought of throwing up the work. It was wanted, and it was to be. Nearly 300 lives were lost during the first year alone, all directly victims of the conditions under which they were working.

In the second year a great storm swept over the country, and wrecked the greater part of the work done, and that part left was attacked and destroyed by a mob of warlike natives.

Before the railway had been in hand three years disease broke out with such violence that work had to be suspended for a time because there were not sufficient hands in health to continue, and really seemed as if the scheme would have to be abandoned altogether. But work was resumed after a short time.

FIGHTING DISEASE AND NATIVES.

The following year, however, disease again broke out, and counted the lives of more than 2,000 men. But the others went steadily on. Even the frequent attacks of native mobs, which compelled the workers to labour with firearms slung over their shoulders, did not deter them, but they found it took time driving off these born fighters, so they called up the military to defend the completed sections of the railway.

Thus they went on year after year, daily encountering the greatest obstacles, hardships, and discouragement; and though it cost 6,000 lives, to say nothing of thousands of cases of injury, sunstroke, and cruel sickness, the work was completed, and it proved a great success. Its success is the grandest monument to those who suffered and died for it which could be desired.

If ever an engineering enterprise was ill-fated the Tay Bridge was; its erection was hardly less disastrous than its destruction. The work of construction had not been in hand six months when a great storm did damage to the extent of £200,000. Later a thunderstorm destroyed a further portion of the erection, which had then cost a dead loss of upwards of £280,000. It seemed as if fate were bent upon discouraging the constructors, and trying to force its objections with a destroying hand.

Every day some disheartening accident occurred or some great difficulty arose. Boilers burst and smashed valuable and essential machinery in sheer viciousness, cranes gave way or broke down without cause or reason; almost every day of the week some trouble had to be met. The utter hopelessness of the task broke the hearts of two managers one after the other, and they committed suicide in despair.

THE DREARY BATTLE OF TAY BRIDGE.

When the bridge was, thanks to the courage and determination of its constructors, half completed, yet another storm swept down upon it and did such damage that the work had practically to be restarted. But eventually the great feat was accomplished, only, however, to meet with its dreadful doom some years later, when, having cost a full million of money, it collapsed under a train, and between seventy and eighty lives were lost. One might fancy fate dealt a killing blow in that event, but no! there is another Tay Bridge to-day in almost exactly the same place.

People who travel in and out of Wales by the Severn Tunnel scarcely realise what a hopeless task that wonderful subway once appeared—the money, the labour, the dogged obstinacy, and the lives which were expended upon its construction. It is a success to-day, and most people are satisfied with that fact alone, but for years it was a most dismal failure, and only stern determination rescued it.

From the very first water poured into it from the river above, and it really seemed as if it could never be made a success. More than £500,000 of money had been spent on it, and contractor after contractor had gone bankrupt over it before there was any real hope that it could be pushed to a success. But it was mind versus matter, and mind refused to give in.

The tunnel was at last cleared of water, strengthened, and the damage made good. Then the extension was begun, and at once a new difficulty arose. An unsuspected spring beneath the tunnel burst, and flooded the whole passage. This was expected to settle the doom of the enterprise. But it did not do so. After a lot of delay and trouble, this spring was successfully sealed, and once more the water was pumped out.

In "sheer cussedness" the river water then recommenced to flow into the tunnel directly the spring was closed. But this in turn was eventually overcome, and contrary to his expectations the engineer lived to see trains running through the tunnel he had built at a cost of £2,000,000 after thirteen years' fierce fighting with fate.

The natural difficulties to overcome in the construction of the Uganda Railway in British East Africa were stupendous, and were only mastered by the sheer doggedness of the British engineers engaged in the work. But, bad as these troubles were, they were puny compared with the obstructions of the natives. The engineers and contractors, from the first day to the last, were hampered by them, and a continuous warfare waged all along the line.

Now the ordinary British navvy will dig out from eight to ten cubic yards of earth daily. The engineers estimates were based on those figures, believing that black labour would show the same output. Over 900 blacks were employed for the digging, and it was computed that over 7,000 cubic yards of earth would be removed daily.

ONE LIFE FOR EVERY RAILWAY SLEEPER!

At the end of the first month, instead of the total output representing same 216,000 cubic yards it stood at about 50,000. The blacks would not work, their total output per day not being more than about 1,600 yards. The staff of labourers was doubled, more blacks from other regions being introduced. But this gathering of the black clans led to pitched fights and ever recurrent battles throughout all hours of the day, interfering with the progress of the work.

Dynamite was used for blasting purposes. One day, one of the niggers hit a piece with a hammer, with the result that some ninety blacks were killed and wounded. But that accident brought about the salvation of the railway. The engineers terrified the army of black labourers into the belief that the noise they heard was the voice of one of their pet fetish gods, who was displeased with the men for not working hard.

There is a twenty-mile stretch of railway running through the Crocodile valley in South Africa, which, in the process of construction, offered every possible obstruction, not in a natural sense, but raised by Fate. The engineers had to fight a deadly fever which runs riot in that particular spot. It laid everybody up, and when the last mile was finished it was found that no fewer than 300 lives had been sacrificed.

In Colombo is another railway noted for the troubles it gave to its builders. It is a short line, comparatively speaking, but every sleeper of it in one long section represents a human life sacrificed during constructive operations. This fatal casualty list was swelled in many ways, through fever, accidents, and quarrels among the coolies.

EASY TO IDENTIFY.

AN amorous young man sent a letter to a German lady, and this postcript was added:

"That my darling may make no mistake, remember that I will wear a light pair of trousers and a dark cutaway coat. In my right hand I will carry a small cane, and in my left a cigar. Yours ever, Adolphe."

The father replied courteously, stating that his daughter had given him authority to represent her at the appointed place at the time agreed on. His postscript was as follows:

"Dot mine son may make no mistakes, I vill be dreebed in mine shirt-sleeves, I vill vear in mine right hand a glub; in my left hand I vill vear a six-shooter. You vill recognise me by de vay I bats you on de head a goople times twice mit de club. Vait for me at de corner, as I have somedings important to inform you mit. Your frient, Heinrich Muller."

"HAVE you thanked your uncle for your nice new pocket-knife, Willie?"

"Not yet, mother; but I dare say I shall. I'm waitin' to see if the blades is good steel."

GRANDFATHER: "Well, Paul, what would you like for a birthday present?"

Paul: "Oh, grandfather, buy me a telephone, so that I can answer the master's questions without having to go to school."

"THAT makes thirteen times I've kissed you, darling," he said, as he put on his hat in the doorway at 11 p.m.

"Oh, George; thirteen is an unlucky number," she answered thoughtfully.

SOME boys made a cockshy of a bottle by setting it up on a pole. The peripatetic philosopher watched for some time their futile efforts to stone it off. Then, feeling that some advice was needed, he said:

"Boys, why do you thus waste your time. If you really don't want the bottle there, why don't one of you take a stick and knock it off?"

TRUANTS IN TIGHT PLACES.

Boys who Prefer Poaching to doing Sums.

MORE people seem to have played truant when schoolboys than was dreamt of in our philosophy. From some of the instances sent in it would seem that grave-digging is in pretty general favour as a means of beguiling school time, and that it is by no means the most original will be seen from the following escapades as told by our readers.

TO SEE PIRATES HANGED.

I was seven years old in 1820, when I played truant for the first and only time. I snatched this fearful joy to go and see the eight pirates hanging in chains, who at that time adorned the right bank of the Thames in East Greenwich Marshes. There were four on one stout gallows, and four others in couples. Their heads had sunk into their shoulders, but their hair was growing on some of them.

Horribly unearthly, their clothing had been doubly milled by time, the material indescribable, but the iron hooping that securely bound their bodies and limbs was in a good state. I had seen them before from One Tree Hill, Greenwich Park, but their nearness gave a great uncomfortable feeling to me that I too, was pirating on a smaller scale. But I was found out and did not do it again.

A TRIUMPHAL TRUANT.

The visit of a circus to the town (in the West of Ireland) in which I lived when a boy, was the only occasion I can recall of my playing truant from school. Such visits to so remote a part were in those days infrequent, and, therefore, to the boyish mind an important event. What more natural, therefore, than to follow in the wake of the circus vans as they passed just before school hour to their scene of operation.

Now comes the best of the story. The circus company, through the sudden illness of a youthful member, needed a substitute, for the procession merely. I was fixed upon as apparently capable of filling the part to a "tee." Would I undertake it, as no danger or experience was involved? Yes, I would try. And so in due course, arrayed in all the glory of a youthful prince or something, and mounted on a gorgeously caparisoned nag, your humble servant "processed" through his native town, past his parents' house, past even the very school from which he was playing truant, and his masters and pupils, to the delighted admiration of schoolmates and friends, who were in blissful ignorance of the truant "performer's" individuality and remained so for many days after; and I had the further satisfaction of a shilling in my pocket for my successful execution of the part.

RATS!

I will still remember the day I played truant and went with a rat-catcher to a corn-mill to assist him in ridding the premises of the vermin. I took charge of the bag he put the rats in, and kept an account of the number put in, as he was paid so much for every rat captured. We were five hours at the mill, and I was tired of the job, although it was very exciting sometimes. My pay for helping him was—the offer of the last two rats caught, and I refused the gift.

A TERRIBLE RETRIBUTION.

Once I played truant from school, but it was the last. There was an arithmetic examination which had great terrors for me, and I resolved to play truant and escape the examination. I therefore stole away to a big show in a neighbouring town; but, having no money, I, like many schoolboys, crawled underneath the tent.

Unfortunately I was caught in the act, and the showman hauled me before the "lightning calculator," and I had to chalk his figures on the blackboard for the rest of that afternoon, under pain of being handed over to the nearest policeman. It was a terrible punishment to me, but it taught me a good lesson.

TROUBLE AMONGST THE GHOSTS.

I once played truant to see a man hanged in public in the Grassmarket, Edinburgh; at another time to attend a penny "gaff" in the Cowgate. Seated in the twopenny seats (the stalls), I regaled myself with a plate of boiled peas, and with mingled feelings witnessed *Hamlet*.

Unhappily, there was a row on among the actors as to who was the ghost. The usual ghost was too tipsy or something, but he made it hot for his substitute with such by-remarks as "You're a blankety-blank. I'm his father's ghost." "It's me that's doomed to walk the earth, you bloomin' sneak," etc., etc. I suppose the cut of my clothes betrayed me as an "aristocrat," anyway I was a sorry figure before I got free from the audience at the end of the play.

ONLY ME!

My father in my schooldays was a Superintendent of Police. One fine afternoon I took it into my head to hop it from school, and soon found a little stream and got to work finding "tommies." After a short time, I heard a sound and, looking round, I saw my father and a policeman coming full speed down the road.

I was off like a shot, dodging amongst bushes, when, after a ten minutes' invisible chase, I was spotted, and you can imagine my father's disgust when he saw it was I. It appeared that a prisoner had escaped out of the exercising yard, and made my way. He had eluded them, and they, hearing a noise among the bushes, came to the conclusion that they had him.

Read Max Pemberton's complete story in PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, on sale everywhere October 1st.

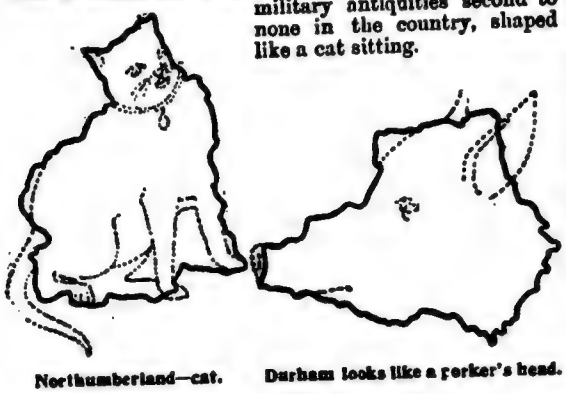
COUNTIES THAT MAKE YOU LAUGH.

Look at the Shape of Some of them on the Map.

When our ancestors began the process of parcelling out this country into counties, they quite overlooked the humorous possibilities of their work.

Look at these illustrations! They are neither fantastic exaggerations nor pictorial fits of an artistic mind which has suddenly lost its balance; they are the outlines of some of our counties which lend themselves to the curious designs portrayed.

Take notice of Northumberland. Here is a county, rich in memorials of the past, and with a collection of military antiquities second to none in the country, shaped like a cat sitting.



Northumberland—cat. Durham looks like a porker's head.

A glance inspires one with the idea that the animal is listening for the tread of the cat's-meat man. In another sense the allegory is quite complete, for in the days of the Angles, Danes and Saxons, and also during the period of the civil wars, Northumberland often sat patiently waiting the arrival of the soldiery bent on warfare.

Then there's Durham—shaped like a pig's head. This is hard on the county of coal mines, but whilst Durham coal and Durham coal miners are matters which enter into our daily phraseology, it is also true that Durham is noted for dairy farming and cattle rearing. Thus the pig comes in as its privilege.

Cumberland is not a place to freeze you, yet, according to the map, its outline strangely resembles that of a polar bear patiently sitting on an iceberg on the lookout, as it were, for the arrival of one or two further polar expeditions. There are no bears in Cumberland—the natives are as gentle as lambs—but there was until recently, residing there by the side of the famous lakes, one notable lion, to wit, John Ruskin.

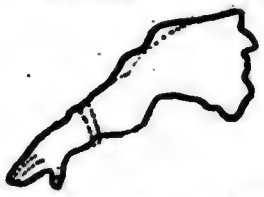
Cumberland resembles a polar bear.

The early Angle who picked out Nottinghamshire was a joker. The outline of this county, where your lace curtains and silk ribbons come from, is very like the shape of Ally Sloper's inclined-to-be-fat head. Permit the artist to fill in the details with dotted lines and the head of the monarch of Shoe Lane is produced. It is impossible that that ancient Angle-artist could have had W. G. Baxter's literary creation in mind when he mapped out Nottinghamshire, and we cannot trace any analogy between the two, that is, the county and Ally Sloper.

Lord Clive was a native of Shropshire. You can call it a fighting county, for from the time of the Danes to that of Cromwell battles were continuously fought on its plains. In view of these facts the natives of that county must feel distressed when it is pointed out to them that the shape of the county resembles the published portraits of Old Mother Shipton, the prophetess of Yorkshire.

Lincolnshire is the second largest county in England and prides itself on its fens and matters of that sort. Compared with some of its more militant sister-counties, Lincoln, historically speaking, has always been a sobersides and has had few remarkable battles fought on its territory. But it can make history now. Natives will be pleased to know that the coast-line of their county strikingly resembles the profile of Sir William Harcourt's face when that statesman is addressing the House.

Shropshire—Mother Shipton.



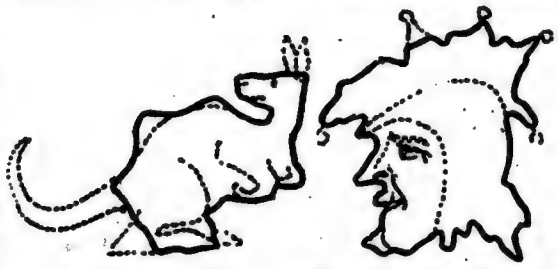
Carnarvon patting baby Edward II. on the head.

Somersetshire is a proud county. It is one of the early nursing cradles of this country, which makes the student of history remark that the Saxon who sliced out that territorial bit from the rest of the country knew exactly what he was doing when he designed it on the lines of a child's sock.

Lincolnshire—How like Harcourt! Somersetsh're's on the lines of a child's sock.

Some of the county outlines fit the characteristics of the natives like the proverbial cap.

Middlesex, you will observe, resembles a young kangaroo. The animal is in the act of turning his head round just before hopping away. Now the people of that county are made up for the most part of the workers and toilers of the city and metropolis of the capital of the empire. The bulk of them are tall, thin, and active as any kangaroo. They scent failure or success a good distance off, they are always on the alert, they are constantly nibbling at something or other.



Jumping Middlesex! Worcestershire's a fine jester.

Pick up your map and look at the shape of Carnarvon. How like a woman's hand, arm and shoulder! This fact is singularly appropriate when one is reminded that at Carnarvon Edward II. was born. The hand seems to pat the child on the head.

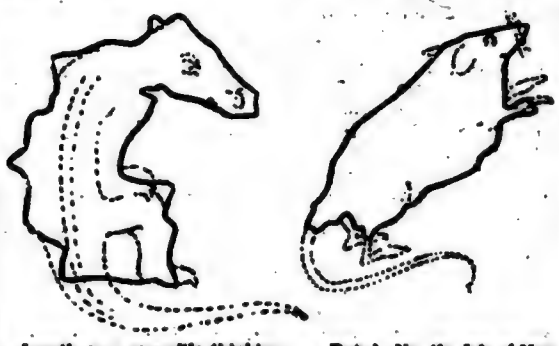
Lord Somers, the great historical figure of the seventeenth century, was a Worcestershire man, and Mrs. Henry Wood was born here. Like Shropshire, Worcestershire is an old fighting county, and many of its corners still preserve their ancient aspect. There is something, therefore, very fitting in the strong resemblance existing between the border lines of the county and the shape of an old-time jester's head, arrayed in cap and bells.

Wigtown looks like a decayed tooth infested with caries.

More wheat is grown in Haddington than in any other county of Scotland, and, singular to say, that county on the map looks exactly like a loaf of bread, commonly called a cottage.

Notts is transformed into "Ally Sloper."

The lines of the Irish counties are somewhat broken up, and allegorical conclusions cannot easily be drawn from them. The county of Lowth, however, gives one an interesting picture of a home-sick crocodile engaged in a sitting position studying out the problem of an early escape from bondage.



Lowth as a crocodile thinking. Rats! No, the Isle of Man.

NEW AND STRANGE.

[*Descriptions of new inventions or discoveries are invited for this column, and will be inserted free of charge, if of sufficient general interest.*]

Experiments have demonstrated that doors of wood covered with tin resist fire better than those made of iron.

An automatic lightship is to be stationed at the Otter Rock, Islay, on the west coast of Scotland. Two large gas-holders will contain sufficient gas to light the lantern for several months; and as the gas escapes from the holders on its way to the lantern, it will operate a bell.

A noiseless alarm clock is among the latest novelties. An electric lamp is focussed so that the light will fall on the face of the sleeper when the current is switched on, which is done by the clock at the time set for the operation. The strong rays, falling on the sleeper's face, awaken him.

Telegraphists' paralysis is to be prevented by a new telegraph key. The key has a handle large enough to be grasped by the entire hand, and can be turned at any angle or set in any position the operator may prefer for ease. The key, according to the inventor, who is a man of experience, is as speedy as the old Morse key.

A novel boat has just been introduced as a necessity of German military equipment. The framework consists of sixteen of the lances in use in the regiment, and the cover is of strong sail-cloth, provided with loops, into which the lances may be adjusted. The boat can be put together by half-a-dozen men in five minutes, and taken apart in less than half that time. It weighs sixty-five pounds.

A strange lamp has been constructed by Professor Dubois. A glass globe, placed on a metal stand, is nearly filled with a liquid composed of luminous marine microbes; there are two tubes running from the globe, and through these a supply of air can be sent to the interior when the light grows dull, the effect apparently being to revivify the microbes. The light from this lamp will last for several weeks without renewal of the illuminating medium.

Birds are made to take photographs of themselves by the ingenious device of an English photographer. A piece of fat is placed at the end of a wire electrically connected to the shutter of a camera. Timid birds, like the song-thrush, will approach the bait and pick it up, and at once the shutter is moved by this action and an instantaneous exposure obtained. To get photos of nocturnal birds, the wire is arranged to light a little magnesium as it releases the shutter.

A clock made of parts of bicycles is the production of an ingenious Frenchman. It is twelve feet high, the framework consisting of one specially-made wheel and twelve ordinary ones, all fitted with pneumatic tyres. The figures denoting the hours are made of crank rods and are attached to an inner rim; the hands are of the steel piping used for the framework of bicycles; the minute strokes are small, nickle-plated spokes, and the top of the clock is a curious arrangement of twelve handle-bars. The clock strikes the hours and quarters on bicycle bells.

A telephone-call meter ought to be a useful invention where subscribers pay so much per call instead of a yearly fee. It looks like a box fitted to the top of your instrument, and you have to press a rod before the exchange will connect you to the number you require. This box is in electric connection with a dial in the exchange, and when it is desired to check your indebtedness you are asked to press a plunger, and immediately your meter reels off the number of calls on the dial. In a similar manner you can check the company's charge when the bill comes in.

The L. K. Repairing Shield is the kind of thing that cyclists will welcome with open purse. It is a properly manufactured section of the outer cover, provided with hooks and flaps that grip the damaged part of the cover and cause the Shield to automatically close any cut, burst, or other injury. You can do your repair in one minute; and for one shilling you are relieved of the fear of having to trundle your machine for miles. The Nottingham Cycle Co., Station Street, Nottingham, will give you one of their complete pneumatic outfits, worth ninepence, if you purchase a Shield now.

The question of bicycle accommodation on trains is again coming to the front. Mr. W. H. Crutchley, Wolverley Schools, Kidderminster, has patented an excellent idea for utilising the space between the carriages for the purpose of carrying the machines. The idea is that cycle crates are hired from the railway company and packed at home to be conveyed to the station as ordinary luggage. From each end of the coach extend a couple of brackets, and on these the crate is placed securely strapped. This method of carrying practically insures the fact that the machine will be uninjured. I should think that the railway companies would realise what a saving of space such an idea would be, as not only bicycles but other passenger goods might quite easily be conveyed in this way.

Lawn Billiards is a new game brought out by the Novelty Company, of George Street, Reading, and it is just the game you are looking for; it can be played on any lawn and by any number of players, from two to eight. You chalk a circle, three feet in circumference, in the centre of the lawn, and fix a special revolving hoop in it—that enclosure is "balk." Each player has a mallet and ball, and starts about six feet from the ring to send his ball through the revolving hoop; if he succeeds he scores one, and if his ball goes beyond the chalked circle he can go on playing till it stops within the fatal enclosure. There are "cannons" and other details that make the game interesting and even exciting. The outfit ranges from 8s. 6d. for four players, and is to be obtained, with full particulars of the game, from the above company.

"Money-Making." See the October number of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

Fettered Lives.

A STORY OF THE PRISON AND THE STAGE.

By Henry Farmer.

LIST OF CHARACTERS.

REGINALD STANLEY.
A convict, falsely accused of the murder of Sir Ronald Dunravon, who has escaped from prison and is acting in *Fettered Lives* Company under the name of KEITH LESLIE. He is in love with Esmée Conyers.

ESMÉE CONYERS.
The stage name of Stanley's sweetheart, Amy Cunningham. Also in *Fettered Lives* Company.

CULLY SCOTT (alias the "Smasher").
A convict who has escaped from prison with Stanley, and who has forced Gilderoy to engage him and his partner in the company to cover their escape.

AUSTYN SELINCOURT.
A "man about town" in league with Harley Garside to commit burglaries.

HARLEY GARSIDE.
An actor-burglar. In love with Esmée and jealous of Stanley.

CRUMP.
A Scotland Yard detective, in charge of both the capture of the convicts and the discovery of Garside's robberies.

RADSTONE.
Playing part of hero in *Fettered Lives*, but discharged for being intoxicated. His part is given to Stanley.

SAM BLOBBS.
ZOE DELISLE.
GLADYS MELLOR. } Acting in *Fettered Lives*.

THE THREAD OF THE STORY.

THE Death Trap is the great scene in *Fettered Lives*. The hero is standing on a scaffold, a rope round his neck. A candle near by is burning a rope. When burnt through, the trap-door will collapse. In the play the hero (Keith Leslie) is saved at the last moment. One night the audience is horrified to see him drop, which must mean certain death. It is followed by a woman's agonised scream, and the play stops in confusion. What has happened?

The death trap has been tampered with, and "Keith Leslie" has narrowly escaped death by hanging. The crowd suspects the suspended actor Radstone, mobs and nearly kills him. Crump's suspicions fasten on Garside as the robber of the Duchess' jewels. Cully Scott, becoming suspicious, goes to the theatre with a view to examining the scene of the accident. At the stage door he meets Garside coming out.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Cully Scott Makes a Discovery.

IN the passage outside the stage-door keeper's little room several of the *Fettered Lives* company, talking together in low tones, clustered round the call-board that bore an official notice, footed with Gilderoy's florid signature, to the effect that there would be no further performances during the week, but that the company would remain in Aylingford for rehearsals, due notice of which would be given, and would re-open in the play on the following Monday at Branley. Stanley might be lying seriously injured, Bert Radstone might be hovering between life and death; but business was business. Every day that witnessed no performance of *Fettered Lives* would represent so much dead loss, and Gilderoy, who, by an arrangement with Helstone, took a percentage of the profits, was determined to lose as little as possible.

Early that morning he had telegraphed to his London theatrical agent to send him at once a good juvenile actor to play the part of Jack Fairway for a fortnight's special engagement, to rehearse at Aylingford and open on the following Monday at Branley. There was no sentiment about Gilderoy. Selfish self-interest was the keynote to his character. He was absolutely callous as far as the feelings of others were concerned. He took it for granted that Stanley, on his recovery, would resume the part of Jack Fairway. The man who had narrowly escaped being hanged on the stage should prove a tremendous "boom" to the play.

The conversation of those clustered round the call-board was on the subject of the grim happenings of the night before. There was still a tendency to talk in whispers.

"They tell me," said Blobbs, "that Radstone's not expected to live. Ghastly, isn't it? He must have been mad at the time. I went round to the hospital after I'd been to ask after poor Leslie. Well, thank heaven, the dear laddie's out of the wood. One of the very best, and we ought to be thankful things are no worse. It'll take me all my time to get over the shock; what about the poor laddie who actually went through what we only saw?"

"And there's someone else," whispered Luxmore, "who'll be long getting over it—Miss Conyers. Poor girl. I caught her in my arms when she fainted. I was beginning to think there was something between her and Leslie. Well, the secret's out now—but it's been rather quick work, hasn't it?"

"You can't lay down any definite rule, laddie, where love is concerned," said Blobbs sagely; "it may be quick, it may be slow, according to circumstances. I've known a couple meet for the first time and get married within the same week, and twelve months later——"

"Separated?" questioned Luxmore.

"No, laddie. Twins!"

It was at this moment that Garside, brushing past Cully Scott in the doorway, entered hurriedly. He looked haggard and ill. After an exchange of greetings he read the notice.

"Gilderoy will have to let me off for a couple of days," he said hoarsely, "I'm off to London by the next train. I'm beastly ill. And the gloom about the place is enough to drive a man to suicide. Is Gilderoy here?"

"Yes, laddie, in his room."

He hurried away down the stairs.

"He does look frightfully bad, doesn't he?" said Blobbs.

"Yes," answered Luxmore, "he's been suffering torture from neuralgia lately. And I'm afraid he's taking something for it that he'd be better without. And you know what a sensitive, highly strung fellow he is. He was terribly upset last night."

While Garside had been reading the notice, Cully Scott had passed down on to the stage. The scene remained exactly as it had been the night before. The trap still gaped open. The severed rope hung down from the pulley-block. Pressmen had been there before the break of dawn, taking copious notes, preparatory to dishing up sensational accounts for local and London papers. The only light, turned down low, came from an overhead float. The atmosphere was gloomy and depressing.

Scott had the stage to himself. The doubt that Pentworth had expressed the night before on the subject of Radstone's guilt had conjured up a shadowy doubt in his own mind, and Cully Scott was a man who liked to get to the bottom of things.

He made his way to the metal staple, firmly screwed into the frame of the scene, to which the end of the rope was securely knotted. It had occurred to him that the rope round Stanley's neck, a moment before the trap-doors fell, was drawn up practically taut. Garside, as Jake Brood, must have pulled the slack rope through the hoop and tied a slip-knot, otherwise, when the trap opened, there would have been little or no drop, and Stanley would have been suspended in sight of the audience. Horrible enough; but the danger would have been strangulation, not a broken neck, and a man is not strangled in a moment. Scott noted this mentally, without drawing any conclusion.

A moment later he passed down below the stage. The wonted state of semi-darkness prevailed. Opposite the spot immediately below the prompt corner, where the tubing had been detached from the pipe, a lantern hung on a nail in one of the supports. Its feeble light did little more than call attention to the spot and accentuate the general gloom. Taking down the lantern, Scott flashed the light into the corner formed by a projecting beam. The tubing, still detached from the pipe, was hanging down from the low roof of planks. Not far away was a musty roll of carpeting.

"Radstone," muttered Scott, scratching his spiky head, "must 'ave known, if it was 'im, of this 'ere contrivance before-'and, or 'e'd 'ave never found it in 'is paralytic state. Can't 'elp thinkin' that the job must 'ave been thought out careful. And yet Radstone 'adn't got no partikler grievance against my young toff until late in the evenin', nor did 'e know till then that my young toff was goin' to play 'is part. And yet, if it weren't Radstone, who, in the name of 'eaven, could it 'ave been? I ain't satisfied one way or t'other!"

He flashed the lantern on the overhead planking and on the wall; then on the floor. It was in a filthy state. The corner, owing to its darkness, had evidently been used by an unscrupulous cleaner as a receptacle for dust and rubbish. Shreds of canvas, a broken lime-light apparatus, dust, one or two mouldy paint-rags odoriferous of size, and refuse that defied accurate classification, formed an unpleasant little heap.

"The bloke," muttered Scott, stooping down and bringing the lantern nearer to the rubbish, "what's got the job of cleanin' up down 'ere ought to git twelve month's 'ard."

He stooped a little closer. His needle eyes had caught sight of something lying within the square, box-like lime-light apparatus. At first sight it looked like a paint-rag stained red.

He picked it out and held it close to the lantern.

It was no paint-rag; but a cheap cotton handkerchief, coloured red and dotted with white spots. It must have escaped the notice of the police.

The Smasher's slanting forehead wrinkled up. He was distinctly conscious of having seen that handkerchief before; but, for the moment, could not recall when and where.

With a silence of movement into which he lapsed instinctively in moments of tension, he hung up the lantern and searched the corners of the handkerchief for possible initials.

"Strike me blind!" he rasped out suddenly.

The gap in his memory had been filled up. It had come to him like a flash.

That handkerchief, or one precisely similar, had been hanging out of the tail pocket of the greasy frock coat that Harley Garside had worn, only the night before, whilst impersonating the character of Jake Brood, the villainous fence of *Fettered Lives*.

"Gawd, but what's the meanin' of this?"

Every line had deepened on the slanting forehead; the underhung lower jaw seemed to be protruding more than ever.

How had that handkerchief come into the lime-light box that was almost immediately below the spot where the tubing had been tapped? Actors and stage-hands had used the way below the stage as a means of getting from one side to the other when the curtain was up and the scene set; but that dark, dirty corner was off the beaten track.

Savagery, doubt, and amazement alternated swiftly on the Smasher's working features. Garside, Harley Garside! He had proof that he was not what he seemed; that he was a man of double life; that the actor cloaked the cracksman; yet this in no way affected the mystery that confronted him. Where was the motive? What was his young toff to Garside, or Garside to his young toff? Yet that handkerchief!

He rolled the handkerchief up into a ball and thrust it into his pocket.

"It beats me," he muttered, "fair beats me 'ollow. It's a flimsy to a trousers button it's 'is 'andkerchief, though there ain't no marks on it. 'E must 'ave been in that corner last night. Yet things ain't done without a purpose. And what might 'is purpose be? I'm beat! But I'm a-goin' to stick to the wipe and lay low. Maybe we shall see what we shall see. And if it was 'im, not Radstone"—the Smasher had never looked uglier—"it'll be 'kingdom come' for one or t'other of us!"

Personal revenge for the foul act was the same as justice to his mind. But only for a moment had the savage instinct of his nature mastered him. He struck himself heavily on the chest.

"Steady, Cully, steady! Keep yourself in 'and. Remember that it's the young toff and sweet'eart what comes fust. Think o' them, Cully, when you begins to see red and wants to smash. Ask yourself the question fust, is it for their good or their 'arm? You ain't on your own now, to go bustin' about blind and bald-'eaded. You wants more diplomacy, Cully, and not so much 'ankerin' arter violence!"

When he left the theatre, his short pipe tucked away in one corner of his mouth, he had ample food for reflection. He had not the slightest intention of informing the police of his discovery. The less Stanley and himself had to do with the police the better. As it was, he was filled with anxious misgivings. There would be an official inquiry into the disaster. If Radstone recovered, there would be a trial. Stanley would be brought into contact with police and into public notice.

The Smasher's strong heart was heavy within him when he reached his homely lodgings. He had crushed under his desire to return to Stanley's bedside. The night before, the desperate stress of circumstances had furnished ample excuse for his presence there. But Stanley was out of danger now; and there was a risk in being too closely associated with him.

Once within the little combined bed and sitting-room that looked out into the street, he drew out the coloured pocket-handkerchief and stared at it grimly.

"It's growin' on me," he said to himself, "and I can't shake it off, a kind o' mysterious feelin' that there's some sort o' game bein' played behind our backs, a game of which we don't know nothink."

His teeth grated audibly on his pipe-stem.

"No, not a word to nobody, at present. I'm in the dark. But I'm a-goin' to watch you close, mister hactor-cracksman Garside. And I've got a grip on you, mister, over that there Matcham Hall business, though you don't know it. Maybe, even now, I'm doin' you an injustice; maybe it was Radstone arter all. But I'm goin' to keep this 'ere wipe; maybe you'll miss it, maybe you won't."

He slouched across to the window and stared out over the curtain. There was a gloom on the bulldog face.

"Things ain't what you might call summery. My young toff will 'ave to be left be'ind when we travel to Branley. Doctor says 'e's badly sprained. And the perlice 'ull be 'angin 'around, questionin' and worritin'. No, things ain't summery!"

An oath rasped out from his gritted teeth as he moved away from the window.

It was as well for his peace of mind that he did so. Those keen eyes of his would have recognised the smooth-faced, homely little man who, carrying a small handbag, passed the window a moment later.

Cully Scott, alias the Smasher, and Detective-Inspector Theodore Crump, of Scotland Yard, were old acquaintances!

CHAPTER XXX.

The Slip 'Twixt the Cup and the Lip.

"YES, Mr. Selincourt, I am more than satisfied with your progress," said Doctor Holroyd, M.D., U.S.A., suavely rubbing his hands together, "the morning is fine. A drive will do you good."

Austyn Selincourt hailed the idea with delight. Despite the charms of Nurse Marjorie and his outward bearing of lazy, languid indifference, the strong-willed man had secretly fretted under his enforced confinement. Since Garside's departure, on the previous day, for Aylingford, he had exhibited signs of slight restlessness.

When, pale, languid, and muffled up, he drove through the Park in a smart victoria, he was the object of considerable attention. Men and women, driving, riding, and on foot, frequently stopped him to congratulate him on his reappearance and to inquire after his health. He was a man of many acquaintances.

The Duchess of Hancaster's C-springed barouche remained alongside the victoria for a considerable time. The beautiful society woman flushed a little and laid aside that haughty indifference of manner which is esteemed a mark of good breeding, as she expressed her joy at his convalescence. Selincourt explained drawlingly that he had always looked upon himself as strong as a horse; but a blood-vessel had given way somewhere and there had been hemorrhage.

"I suppose," he said after a little while, "you have had no news of your jewels?"

"No. We had the police in, you know, and all that sort of thing, and a detective—a most unpleasant, *bourgeois* little man, who worried me with impertinent questions; but nothing has come of it. They are gone, I am afraid, and there is an end of it."

She shrugged her shoulders prettily.

Selincourt smiled under his moustache. The irony of the situation tickled his sense of humour. The

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Hancaster diamonds were at that moment snugly resting in his secret safe behind the cream-coloured panelling of his sitting-room.

"It seems ages since I've seen you," continued the Duchess, "I have missed you much. Do come to see me soon"—removing the gold stopper, she passed her vinaigrette under her nostrils—"the Duke is taking the waters at Homburg."

Selincourt's eyes laughed.

"Assuredly I will come!"

The barouche rolled away.

"If I don't watch it," murmured Selincourt, "that woman will develop into a confounded nuisance. Gad, but I wish to heaven women would not take me so seriously."

Yet he smiled to himself. His vanity was gratified.

It was past one o'clock when he left the victoria, and the discreet Tomlinson assisted him up to his flat. Nurse Marjorie hovered around him whilst he partook of a light lunch and afterwards insisted that he should rest. After having seen him comfortably outstretched on the couch, she withdrew. He did not sleep. The frequency with which he fingered his tawny moustache suggested a suspicion of restlessness.

His thoughts were of Garside. How long would he have to wait before the seed that he had sown bore fruit?

His eyes wandered away to an unmarked spot on the wall. The diamonds that nestled behind would realise a nice sum; but it would be a mere bagatelle compared to three-quarters of a million. His eyes gleamed. The refined voluptuary was able to appreciate the immense amount of self-gratification that three-quarters of a million represented. He tugged at his moustache impatiently. He wanted it over and done with. When it did happen, it would be simple enough to ensure the establishment of Keith Leslie's rightful identity. He wanted it over. Uncertainty is always a decided element in human affairs. Once before, when all seemed assured, the cup had been dashed from his lips. He was sick to death of the risky and, comparatively speaking, hand to mouth existence of a society hawk. Again his hand restlessly sought his moustache. Garside was a man of moods. What if he cooled? Turned coward at the last moment and shrunk? Three-quarters of a million and a human life were the stakes of the game Selincourt was playing. So far he had maintained the imperturbable calm of the professional gambler. Now, for the first time, nervous excitement was showing through the mask.

Three-quarters of a million! And, though he knew it not, the dice had already been rattled in the box of fate and thrown!

He was still physically weak. Rising slowly from the couch he lighted a cigar.

"Bah," he shrugged his shoulders, acting though the only audience was himself, "I'm still weak as a kitten. This confounded confinement has told on my nerves. Gad, never knew I had any till lately. A little distraction, I think."

He locked the sitting-room door; then, moving across to the unmarked spot on the wall that he had eyed a few moments before, pressed the hidden spring. The panel opened out on its unseen hinges, revealing the small safe. It was a tiny thing in keys that opened the door. He carried it on his watch chain. Within the safe glittered the Hancaster diamonds—tiaras, rings, necklets, bracelets.

"I shall have to do it some time or other," he muttered, "I may as well start now."

From a drawer in his bureau he took a small steel stiletto, such as is used for crochet work, and, selecting a superb tiara, started to pick the precious stones from their settings.

"It's a wise son," he muttered, "that knows his own father. And by the time Mosenthal, of Amsterdam, has done with these stones"—he levered out a sparkling brilliant and placed it in the safe—"it would be a wise Duchess who would know her own diamonds."

He smiled softly to himself.

"In fact, I am not quite sure if it would not be a pretty little act of courtesy to present my dear Duchess with a few of her least valuable stones, re-set and re-cut. A couple of hearts, entwined with a true lover's knot, or something of that sort. Or her initials and—er—the Duke's, and the motto '*Semper Fidelis*.'"

He had replaced the empty setting within the safe and his elegant white hand was hovering over the glittering array in the act of selecting a fresh subject for operation, when, now rising above, now drowned by the roar of the Piccadilly traffic, snatchy fragments of what a hoarse-voiced newsboy was shouting out as he raced along, penetrated into the room.

"Shockin' — theater — Aylingford — Keith Leslie — hactor—*Fettered Lives*—hanged!"

For a moment he stood rigid, motionless as a statue. Then he swung round sharply. Something like a gleam of light flashed across the room and fell, burying itself in the thick pile of the carpet. He had not seen. His cuff, as he turned, had caught a diamond ring and had whipped it out of the safe.

The handsome face had been pale before; it was white as death now. A fierce triumphant light, rivalling the flash of the brilliant baubles in the open safe, glittered from the grey eyes. Swiftly, and with no sign of physical weakness now, he moved across to the window and flung it open. But the hoarse cockney voice was faint and unintelligible.

The tension had snapped the strings of the mask that usually veiled the real man. He was himself, selfish, heartless, triumphant. He drew in a deep breath with a hissing sound:

At last!

He reeled a little, like a man seized by a sudden giddiness; then steadied himself. He was master of himself again to all outward seeming. He closed the window; locked the safe; shut the panel. Then, having unlocked the door, laid himself down on the couch and pressed the bell-push beside. His position was such that he could not see the door. He did not turn his head when Tomlinson, discreet looking and obsequious, entered.

"Yes, sir!"

"Go out and get me the latest evening paper."

Tomlinson gave a little start. Something, glittering up at him from the thick-piled carpet had attracted his attention.

"Yes, sir!"

He shot a quick glance at the couch, and, stooping down almost at the same time, picked up a superb marquise diamond ring.

"Nothing else, sir?"

"No, thank you, Tomlinson."

Selincourt spoke with his customary slow drawl. But when the man had gone the mask was dropped again.

Three-quarters of a million!

How had it been brought about? Was it looked upon as an accident, or——

"Come in!"

Someone had knocked. Nurse Marjorie entered, bearing a tray, beef tea and biscuits upon it.

"Thank you, nurse. You evidently intend to fatten me up. I wish you were not leaving me to-morrow. I shall miss you awfully."

The nurse blushed as she left the room.

How had it been brought about? As he sipped the beef tea mechanically he recalled the newsboy's intermittant cry:

"Keith Leslie—hactor—*Fettered Lives*—hanged!"

Hanged! He had heard the word quite distinctly. He had seen the play. He remembered the death-trap scene. Garside had told him that Stanley was understudying the hero's part. He remembered now how restless his dark eyes had seemed.

Hanged—jerked into eternity!

His hand trembled slightly as he crumbled a biscuit between his white fingers. Tomlinson was an infernally long time fetching that paper.

"The evening paper, sir!"

He was master of himself. He waited deliberately till his man had closed the door behind him before he opened out the paper.

For a moment his glittering eyes wandered; then they fastened on the big, black typed headlines and dilated. A spasm distorted the handsome face.

The headlines had filled up the gaps in the newsboy's cries.

SHOCKING CRIME AT THE GRAND THEATRE, AYLINGFORD.

Keith Leslie, an Actor of the "Fettered Lives" Company, Narrowly Escapes Being Hanged.

THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN MOBBED BY A FURIOUS CROWD, AND NOT EXPECTED TO LIVE.

There was a rustle of paper being crushed; then a silence only broken by the tick of the ormolu clock.

Once again the cup had been dashed from Selincourt's lips.

He was still sitting on the couch, staring at the paper, as the shadows of evening crept across the room, lengthening and deepening.

When Tomlinson entered respectfully and asked whether he should light the lamp or turn on the electric light, a strained "no" came from the couch.

The room was in utter darkness when the faint whirr of an electric bell rang out. A moment later the door opened.

"Austyn!"

It was Harley Garside's hoarse voice.

Selincourt rose and switched on the electric light.

The two men faced one another, on the one face a haunted look of horror, on the other only bitterness, the bitterness of disappointment.

Garside's wild eyes fell upon the evening paper.

"You have heard," he whispered, "you know?"

"Yes!"

Garside sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands, in the throes of a frightful reaction.

"Oh, God!" he hissed, "if you could have heard her scream!"

"Silence, you fool!"

Selincourt closed the door; then bent over Garside.

"Pull yourself together, man!"

"You hounded me on; you drove me to it!"

Selincourt clapped his hand over Garside's mouth.

"Stop your infernal cackle," he whispered fiercely, "do you want the whole world to know?"

He glanced at the door; then, removing his hand from Garside's mouth, moved across, and, opening the door, glanced out.

But the figure that had been outside, crouching at the keyhole, a couple of seconds before, had vanished!

CHAPTER XXXI.

Crump Pays a Brief Visit to Aylingford.

"This is very disappointing. What is the reason, I wonder?"

Detective-Inspector Crump had, according to his intention of the previous evening, travelled down to Aylingford and was staring rather blankly at the picture poster "The Death-trap," across which was placarded a slip bearing the words "No performance." Approaching more closely he read what was printed below in smaller type, a statement to the effect that owing to the lamentable disaster of the night before the theatre would be closed for the rest of the week.

"Dear me!" muttered the little man, "disaster, I wonder what disaster?"

His London morning paper had contained no account of the grim episode.

"Well, I may as well get to the theatre and make a few inquiries. And I daresay I shall find out all about the disaster in a local paper."

He purchased a local paper. It contained a full and lurid account. He read as he walked along.

"Shocking!" he muttered more than once.

His professional life, dealing as it did with so much that was sordid, grim, and debasing, had not impaired the humane side of his nature. He was genuinely affected and depressed when he folded up the paper and thrust it into his pocket. He shook his head sorrowfully.

According to the paper there was no doubt as to Radstone's guilt. His experience told him that drink and women were two of the three great fountain heads of crime, and gold was the third. In spite of his habit of making notes, which was more of a hobby with him than anything else, he was possessed of a tenacious memory. The disaster had apparently no bearing on what had brought him to Aylingford; but he had pigeon-holed the details, as set forth in the local paper, in his brain.

He wondered whether the members of the company would disband or remain in the town for the rest of the week. If they disbanded his journey would have been in vain. But it was only a matter of postponement. The Era had informed him that *Fettered Lives* was due at Branley the following week.

What were the movements of Harley Garside likely to be under the present circumstances?

Reaching the theatre and finding the front of the house shut up, he hesitated for a moment, and then inquired the way to the stage-door. He found a crowd, drawn there by morbid curiosity, clustering round, and staring in at the little group of whispering actors who stood inside the passage by the call-board. Crump edged his way through the crowd and stared in also, at the same time listening to the comments of the crowd.

"That's Mr. Gilderoy, the stage manager," said a youth close beside him, and volunteering the information as Gilderoy swaggered out of the stage door; "see that fat chap inside, that's Sam Blobbs, the comedian, and he is a funny 'un, too!"

"How do you come to know them all?" asked Crump deferentially.

"Well, seeing that both my aunt and mother let theatrical lodgings, I ought to know something about 'em. Mother's got forty-five pictures of actors and actresses, all signed too, in the front parlour, to say nothing of those in the bedrooms."

"Quite a portrait gallery, how very interesting!" said Crump, with a suggestion of latent admiration in his tone.

"There, see that chap just coming out now," said the youth, only too glad of an opportunity to air his superior knowledge, "that's Garside. He plays the part of Jake Brood in the play. My eye, he fairly gives you the shivers, too! He's staying at mother's!"

Crump's eyes twinkled brightly.

"Indeed, indeed! I—I suppose your mother only lets to theatrical people. I'm a stranger here, and on the look out for rooms myself."

"Well, she prefers 'em; but I daresay she'd take you for a day or two," answered the youth condescendingly. "You see, Garside told her this morning that he'd be probably running up to London for a day or two. You might try her. Our address is No. 14 Heywood Street."

"I'll certainly try. Thank you very much. Good afternoon."

Crump moved away rather more quickly than was his usual wont. Garside was still in sight.

"If expression goes for anything," muttered the detective, "Harley Garside is a haunted man! No, I don't think I will be taking any rooms at 14 Heywood-street to-day. It's back to London I shall be going. That youth has spared me a lot of trouble."

And thus it was. The train that bore Garside to London also carried Crump.

When, at dusk, Garside reached Euston station and drove away in a cab, another cab, bearing Crump, followed behind.

When Garside left his cab outside the block of buildings wherein Selincourt's flat was situated, the cab that had been following drove past, and came to a standstill fifty yards ahead. Crump alighted. He returned leisurely in the direction whence he had come.

A common-place looking individual was sauntering up and down outside the entrance to the flats. Crump stopped on reaching him.

"Grogan," he said quietly, "you saw the man who just left a cab and went in?"

"Yes."

"If he comes out again to-night, shadow him!"

Crump moved away, and, pausing under a lamp, glanced at his watch.

"I shall just have time to go and say how-d'e-do to Katie and Freddie, and then I'll drop into the Cock and Feathers and renew my acquaintance with Tomlinson."

(To be continued.)

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RED-LETTER-DAYS

A Chronicle of Interesting Events that have Happened this Week.

4th October, 1880.—On this Sunday an alarming accident happened in the Roman Catholic cathedral church of Saint Aloysius, at Ardwick, on the south-east side of Manchester. Nearly 500 persons were just leaving at the conclusion of the Third Mass, when one of the beams that extended across the building from wall to wall gave way, and consequently a large portion of the floor, which it had supported, immediately sank. Between eighty and a hundred persons were precipitated into a schoolroom beneath, a distance of nearly twenty feet.

5th October, 1879.—Mr. Edison, who had recently succeeded in perfecting his plant for the sub-division of electric light, thus making it available for domestic use, startled the world by announcing in the *New York Herald* of this date, his discovery of a plan for storing up sunlight. His idea was to saturate the walls of houses with a solution which soaked in the light during the day and gave it out at night. Self-luminous paper had previously been made, but not turned to any practical use; he claimed that his invention would practically abolish darkness. The consternation among the holders of gas shares may be imagined; but for once the great inventor seems to have been too previous, and this wonderful scheme was abandoned.

6th October.—On this date, 1854, a conflagration broke out at Gateshead, which in extent, value of property destroyed, and the number of lives lost, has no parallel in England, in modern times. It broke out in Wilson's Worsted Manufactory, Hillgate; after burning that down, set fire to an adjacent bonded warehouse, in which was stored, among other thing, 3,000 tons of sulphur, 130 tons of nitrate of soda, and ten tons of peat ash. This building soon blew up with a tremendous explosion which shook the district for a radius of twenty miles and scattered the burning material in every direction, setting fire to the shipping in the river, and the buildings on the Newcastle side, one man's body being blown right into Newcastle. Forty bodies were recovered from the ruins, and the wounded were more than double that number. The damage and loss occasioned was estimated at not less than a million pounds.

7th October, 1813.—By a warrant issued on this date, it was ordained that in the future one medal only for each campaign should be worn, instead of one for each victorious engagement as heretofore, that for the second and third battles or chief events in that campaign clasps should be added to the ribbon, for the fourth event a gold four-rayed cross with the name of a battle on each arm, and for every battle after the fourth a clasp should be worn.

8th October, 1854.—The following dispatch issued in this year to postmasters illustrates the slow circulation of war news during the Crimean War: "General Post Office, Sunday, October 8th, 1854. Sir,—I forward to you herewith three copies of the LONDON GAZETTE of this day, containing a list of killed and wounded at the battle of the Alma; and I have to instruct you forthwith to affix one of such copies to your office window, or in some such conspicuous place: to cause a second copy to be posted at the Town-hall or Market-place: and to deliver the third copy to the Chief Magistrate or clergyman of the town. You will adopt the same course without further instructions from me on the arrival of any GAZETTES which may hereafter reach you in the mails under similar circumstances. I rely upon your careful attention to these instructions."

9th October, 1799.—In a heavy gale on the 9th October, 1799, the *Lutine*, frigate, struck on the Vliesandbank, and sunk with a huge treasure on board. At very low tides the wreck was visible, and between June, 1800, and November, 1801, the Dutch fishermen owned to having fished up some £83,000, one third of which was awarded to them as salvage, and the rest went to the Dutch Treasury. A new company was formed in 1857, with the proviso that half the findings should be made over to Lloyds. Up to the summer of 1858 about £50,000 was recovered; in 1859, £4,852; and in 1860 and 1861, £68 only; since then nothing much has been done in the matter. As it now stands, it is estimated that this ship had on board gold and silver to the amount of £1,175,000, and all that can be traced of salvage from her is about £120,000; so that there is still over a million sterling lying useless in the dreary sand flats of Holland, the ship still being occasionally visible.

10th October, 1812.—Drury Lane Theatre, which was originally opened on this date, is the fourth theatre erected on the same site. The place derives its name from a cock-pit which was converted into a theatre in the reign of James I., but was destroyed by fire a few weeks later. Its successor rejoiced in the name of the Phœnix, and Charles II. granted an exclusive patent to Thomas Killigrew, 25th April, 1662. This theatre fell into such decay that it had to be pulled down, when a much larger house was built. This existed for fifteen years, and then once more fell a victim to the flames. In the early part of the last century, mainly through the exertions of Mr. Samuel Whitbread, a subscription of £400,000 was raised, and with this the present grand house was built. Mr. S. J. Arnold, a dramatic author, was the first manager, being assisted by a committee of lords and gentlemen. To the fancy of this committee in advertising an open competition for an address, the world owes the famous volume of "Rejected Addresses," by James and Horace Smith. Not one of the 112 addresses sent in was deemed worthy of the occasion, and accordingly Lord Byron was persuaded to write an address, which was delivered by Elliston, but did not pass without a protest.

Of Interest to You.

The second of the Name-Hunting Competitions will deal with the names of Actors and Actresses, and will start in "Pearson's Weekly" dated October 31st. It will last only *three* weeks, and will be followed by another Football Competition similar to the present one.

Result of the "Typist" Competition.

A PENCIL-CASE has been sent to each of the following, who have correctly solved the "Typist" puzzle announced in our issue of September 12th. The winning sentences are: (1) AND SO HE LEFT HER. ON HIS WAY HOME. (2) IN THE MANNER HE DESCRIBED NEARLY.

Miss J. Andrews, Essendine, 15 Chandos Road, Willesden Green; A. Clark, 70 Ebury Buildings, Pimlico; R. J. Beynon, 17 Back Kay Street, C-on-M, Manchester; J. Campbell, 2 Ewesley Road, Chester Road, Sunderland; P. Pope, care of S. Williams and Sons Limited, 36 Lime Street, E. C.; P. Byrne, 24 Beresford Road, Harringay, N.; T. Davis, West Malling; F. Owen, 52 Long Row, Nottingham; R. Williamson, 154 Grange Road, Middlesbro; J. H. Glover, 16 Hill Street, Finsbury, E.C.; J. M. Stuart Young, Ardwick Green, Manchester; H. Preedy, 28 Greenwood Road, Dalston; J. Birchall, 41 Delph Street, Wigan; L. Pidwell, 12 Peak Hill Avenue, Sydenham, S.E; J. Martin, 129 Gilmore Place, Edinburgh; Mrs. M. Woodward, 9 Stockport Road, Levenshulme, Manchester; J. J. Bonner, junior, 14 Sloan's Terrace, Londonderry; H. Hovey, 61 London Road, Clapton; F. Woodcock, Wilton House, Wilton Square, Islington; A. Ginsbury, 108 Brownlow Hill, Liverpool; J. Langmaid, 12 Woodcroft Road, Smithdown Road, Liverpool; W. M. Macnee, Charing Cross, Helensburgh; J. Young, 13 Kay Street, Ardwick Green, Manchester; F. Bruton, 17 Dawson Street, Water Street, Manchester; H. Heamden, 47 Westbourne Park Crescent, W.

Result of the "Truant" Competition.

A SOLID silver pencil-case has been won by Mr. Edward Clarke, of No. 18 Ward, Royal Hospital, Chelsea, whose experience, "To See Pirates Hanged," is printed on page 217. A pencil-case has been sent to each of the following:

L. P. MacHall, 85 Beresford Road, Harringay, N.; W. H. Hunter 63 Huntington Road, York; E. Murdoch, 8 West Adam Street, Edinburgh; C. Barklie, Hill Hall, Lisburn, Ireland; S. Montgomery, 129 Woodstock Road, Belfast; J. A. Downie, care of J. Hume, 231 Great Junction Street, Leith; W. Hutchison, 62 Fonthill Road, Aberdeen; Guy, 194 High Road, Kilburn, N.W.; W. Lodge, 140 Gladstone Street, Peterborough; S. Gascogne, 35 Royston Avenue, Egremont, Cheshire; H. Benbow, 79 Wills Street, Lozells, Birmingham; D. Middleton, 59 Winslow Street, Liverpool, N.; H. W. Pudney, Murston School, Sittingbourne; F. M. Burd, 23 Hibbert Street, Busholme, Manchester; C. Moore, 74 Russell Street, Sheerness; W. D. Brown, 336 Victoria Road, Crosshill, Glasgow; H. B. Crawford, 28 Queen Street, Huddersfield; A. J. Duncan, 30 Cambridge Street, Pimlico; J. F. Holmes, Airedale View, 220 Otley Road, Bradford; J. E. Haswell, Dee Bank, Chester; T. Totterdell, 10 Trinity Row, Frome; James Moore, 6 Southview Street, Belfast; Fred. Higginson, 52 Latebrook, Golden Hill, Stoke-on-Trent; M. J. Rose, 203 Lever Street, Bolton; Thomas R. Curran, 21 Algernon Road, Lewisham, S.E.

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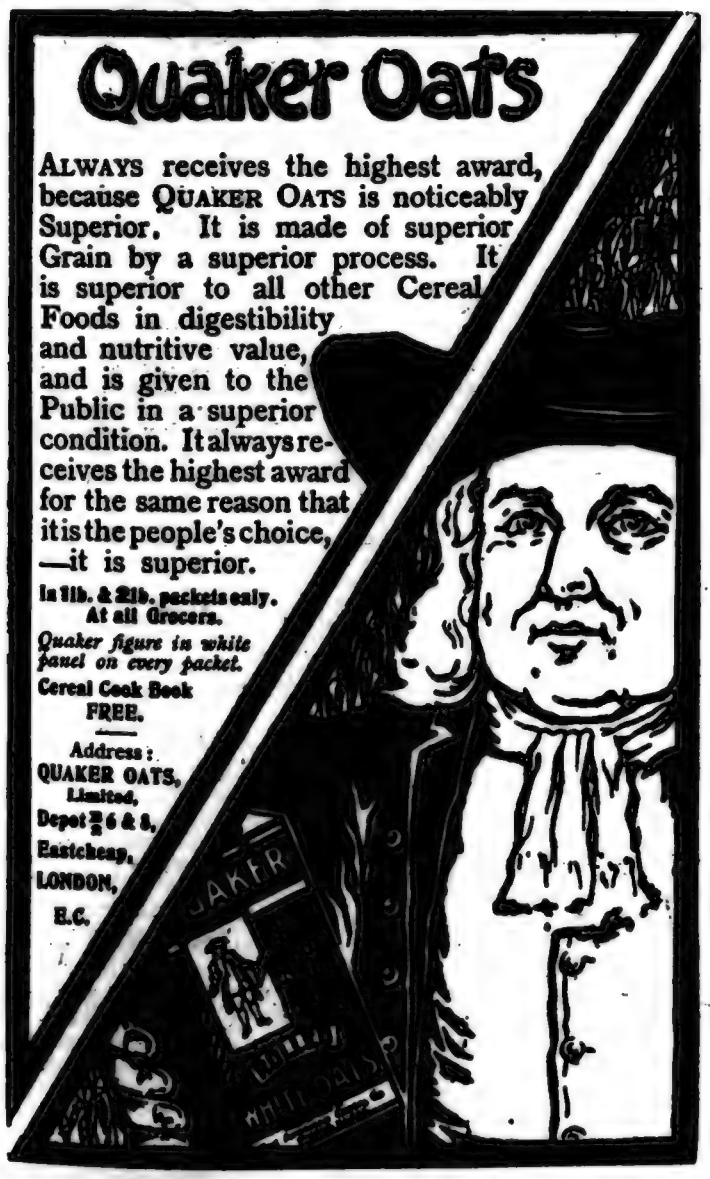

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ISOBEL will be glad to answer questions of general interest upon household matters so far as space permits. A pretty pencil-case will be given to each reader whose inquiry is dealt with on this page. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

Darken Mahogany or any other woods you have carved with cold drawn linseed oil. Brush it thoroughly in.

When Re-cooking Cold Potatoes cut them in thin slices, dredge with seasoned flour and set in a little hot fat.

A Six-guinea Costume is offered as a special prize for ladies in the simple competition on page two hundred and fifteen.

A Sauce for Stewed Fruit is made by boiling half an ounce of finely crushed sago in a pint of milk till the grains almost disappear.

Tea Stains are very difficult to get out if neglected. They should be soaked in either milk or warm water as soon as possible, and then soaped and rubbed out. The next washing will efface them wholly.

Curried Fish. Take two large slices of large cod or the remains of any cold fish, a piece of butter, one onion, sliced, a teacupful of milk, thickening of butter and flour, seasoning to taste. Flake the fish, and fry it a nice brown colour with the butter and onions. Place this in a stewpan, add the milk and simmer for a quarter of an hour. Mix with it a teaspoonful of curry powder, thicken with flour, and simmer very gently for twenty minutes. Serve with a border of rice.

Easily Made Rusks. Break the crusts of bread left over from breadcrumbs, etc., into pieces the size of a large walnut, dip for a moment into milk in which has been mixed a little salt and a pinch of cayenne pepper. Place the pieces on a baking sheet, and set in a moderate oven (heated by oil or gas) until they assume a golden brown colour. When cold, store in an air-tight tin. As you are not to use butter or sugar, this is the only easily made rusk for you. (*Reply to* BANTING.)

Kidney Toast. Take a cooked kidney, or one from a roast loin of mutton, and pound it in a mortar. Add to it the grated rind of half a lemon, a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, a pinch of cayenne pepper, and salt to taste. Set this in a basin, stand it in a saucepan of boiling water and stir occasionally till hot; add a little butter. Butter some toast, spread the mixture on it and serve very hot with a little scalded chopped parsley scattered over. (*Reply to* M. HARLEY.)

Mulberry Wine. To every pound of mulberries add one gallon of water, let these stand for twenty-four hours, then squeeze through a sieve, adding three pounds of sugar to every gallon of liquor. Dissolve the sugar thoroughly and then put the liquor into the cask. Let the bung rest lightly in the hole, till the fermentation has ceased, then bung tightly and bottle as soon as clear. Keep the wine one or two years before drinking. In bottling put three cloves and a small lump of sugar into each bottle. This wine should only be made in a hot season, for then the fruit will be fully matured. This is the nearest recipe I have to what you request. I doubt blackberries making a wine that willkeep nicely. (*Reply to* J. R. G.)

It May Be Too Late, I wish you had asked me earlier about your Autumn Blouse, for this week there is such a pretty pattern given away with HOME NOTES. Since publication the number is selling so fast, that I doubt if you can obtain one now, and I would advise you to order it in advance for the future. The little sketch in the margin will give you some idea how becoming the design is. (*Reply to* LITTLE MEG, Hextable.)

If any Reader of this page would like to know of a thoroughly reliable cure for headache, earache, or toothache, I will be glad to forward them particulars as to where to obtain it if a stamped addressed envelope is sent to me.

Hop Bitters. Pour a pint of boiling water upon an ounce of hops. Cover and stand for twenty-four hours. Then strain and take a wineglassful before meals.

A Hint for the Laundress. A little pipe-clay dissolved in the water employed in washing linen cleans the dirtiest linen thoroughly, with half the labour and saving quite half the soap. The clothes will be improved in colour equally as if they were bleached.

You Complain of Hard Hands and so I advise your trying this soap every night when washing the hands with hot water. Take six parts of beef suet cut finely, and two parts of beeswax. Simmer over the fire till all is melted, scent it as desired, pour into a mould and it will set like soap. Should the wax be very hard, warm it before the fire before using. Always sleep in loose gloves. (*Reply to* DIANA.)

This Remedy for Whooping Cough, if taken in time, will give great relief. Take half a pint each of good malt vinegar and best treacle, boil the vinegar with a bruised clove of garlic, strain and add to the treacle, stirring till thoroughly mixed, and when a'most cold add a teaspoonful and a half of paregoric. Give half a wineglassful to the sufferer occasionally. (*Thanks to* PICKLES.)

Barley Cream Soup. Weigh half a pound of pearl barley, wash it thoroughly in cold water, and set it in an enamelled saucepan, with an onion, a stick of celery, a turnip, and a quart of white or pale-coloured stock. Boil all gently, but steadily, from three to four hours, then pass through a sieve, working it with a wooden spoon. Return to the saucepan, season, bring to the boil while stirring, and add sufficient milk to make the soup a nice consistency. Serve very hot, with fried croûtons of bread. (*Reply to* W. H. T.)

Boston Fritters. Take two ounces of potato flour and a pint of milk, mix the potato flour with the milk, adding it very gradually. Beat two eggs together with the yolks of two more and one ounce of butter. Pour this mixture into a sauce-pan over a slow fire and stir till it is quite thick. Sweeten to taste and add flavour. Pour on to a wetted or greased dish. When cold cut into pretty shapes, dip into egg and breadcrumbs and fry in deep fat. Fry till a golden colour. Serve very hat with a good jam or wine sauce.

Nasturtium Seeds as Capers. Besides proving a most useful plant in our flower gardens, nasturtiums supply us with a useful adjunct to the frugal table. They save the expense of capers. Gather the seeds—cheeses, country children call them—of the naturtiums and keep them for a few days on a paper tray in the sun; then put them into empty, dry, pickle bottles, pour boiling vinegar over, and leave till cool. When cold, cover closely with bladder. Keep till the next summer, when the will be equal to capers for most purposes. (*Reply to* SWINTON.)

Coffee Filling for a Cake, made as follows, will be greatly appreciated. Take a cupful of strong black coffee and heat to boiling point. Add a good tablespoonful of cream and half a teacupful of caster sugar. Moisten two tablepoonfuls of cornflour with a little cold coffee and stir into the coffee. Cook for a few minutes in a double boiler then add two beaten eggs. Stir rapidly, and if not thick enough to spread, return to the double boiler and stir until the eggs are set, but not curd'ed. Spread between layers of sponge cake and cover with coffee icing.

To Keep the Arms White and Soft. Bathe them every night with hot water in which a little ammonia is mixed, and then thoroughly rub with a soaped loofah. Dry thoroughly by rubbing hard with a towel, the object being to set up a glow. Rough, red arms are generally caused by a poor circulation, and the rubbing will help to remedy this. The arms should never be allowed to become chilled, so that long woollen sleeves must be worn and all tightness avoided round the wrist and armhole. When the arms have been dried, take a little glycerine and lemon juice and with the palm of the hand rub it in. Keep rubbing until the skin no longer feels sticky. In the morning wash the arms again in hot water, soap with a loofah and rinse in clear tepid water. Dry thoroughly, dust over with a good powder and give a final rub with a soft chamois leather. (*Reply to* OPERA SINGER.)

Isobel

ARE HUSBANDS GROWING STINGY?

The Views of an Onlooker.

IT cannot be denied that the husband of to-day is largely the product of what we term our up-to-date commercial system. He is different altogether from the husband who existed before everything was done on the while-you-wait principle. The family circle used to see more of the husband than it does to-day, and he had more time to think about those around him. To-day, if he lives in or near a large town, bed, train, and office occupy the greater part of his time. He sometimes takes recreation, but he is rarely able to take it with his family as he is not at home in time to have a full evening's enjoyment. He now and then, therefore, takes his pleasure in company with male friends, and goes home on the last train or tram.

There are many thousands of husbands who are obliged to lunch or dine in town, both in London and the large manufacturing centres. This necessity brings them in contact with male friends, and to be social one must spend something.

This brings us up to the point that husbands of to-day spend more money upon themselves than in days of yore, primarily from a necessity which developed into a fixed habit.

The habit of spending money is far more easily acquired than discarded, and it is a thoroughly British characteristic.

This simply means that there must be retrenchment somewhere, and the husband naturally looks everywhere but himself to find a means of curtailing expenditure.

He pounces on the "house money" as a matter of course and the wife finds that all her gifts as chancellor of the exchequer are needed to make the house money spin out. In fact it becomes a fine art. The husband doesn't know how she manages, and he rarely inquires. Husbands are stingier to-day than formerly because they want more for themselves, to enable them to keep up what they call their "position."

Having handed over the house money he feels like a man who has done his duty, but he is now and then reminded of the fact that even a wife must renew her wardrobe at times, and the stingy husband feels it a hardship. He wants to know where that violet costume is, that he paid for the other week. It is pointed out that the costume was for six months before and not the other week, and it is further suggested that a cloth costume is not a thing to be endured in August with the thermometer at eighty-five in the shade.

One natural outcome of the increasing stinginess of the modern husband is that the wives are becoming artful.

Now and then a new bodice appears, or a hat is re-trimmed, and the husband wonders where on earth his wife has got these things, and visions of nocturnal inspections of his wardrobe send him cold and clammy.

"Where did you get that bodice, dear?" he asks.

"I made it out of some material I had," is the reply, and the husband congratulates himself on having got such a treasure as a wife, who can evidently clothe herself for nothing.

The modern stingy, up-to-date husband need wonder no more how his wife manages an occasional new bodice, hat-trimming, a pair of gloves, or anything of that kind, for we will reveal the secret here and now.

All these things are "squeezed" out of the house money. Sooner than have to be always asking her husband for this, that, and the other, and having to enter into a long argument and explanation—a more or less humiliating process—the wife keeps her own counsel, and quietly squeezes his tea, coffee, and even his eggs and bacon.

It is a very simple plan when you know how it is worked. Suppose, for the sake of argument, a wife sees some nice blouse material in a shop window marked "2s. 3d. per yard, selling off," she does not approach her stingy husband and say:

"John, dear, I have seen some material for a silk blouse at 2s. 3d. per yard. Will you give me the money for three yards?"

Not a bit of it. If John has been drinking tea at 2s. 4d. per pound, he is put on two-shilling tea forthwith. The doubts which he is accustomed to express with regard to the period to which his fresh egg belongs, develop into fears, and he may make remarks. There will be a difference in the flavour, for the eggs also have been squeezed, and instead of eight for a shilling new laid, they are fourteen for a shilling "guaranteed."

The wife is not so unwise as to squeeze the 6s. 9d. out of one week, because the scheme would become too palpable. She works quietly and patiently, and of course it all depends upon the quantity of grocery and provisions used as to how soon she can squeeze the requisite amount.

FIND OUT SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF.

Handwriting is the truest index to your character. Your method of forming a T may betray meanness; the tail of your G may show generosity. Ranee's character delineations are generally pretty accurate. Do not send for one if you dislike plain speaking. Address—

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S 6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24 31	S 7 14 21 28	S 5 12 19 26	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18 25	S 1 8 15 22

WORK UNFINISHED

is usually the unhappy state of affairs where there is oilcloth to scrub. You come home from work—tired, but suddenly blossom into a rage because comfort is absent, and the odour of soap and scrubbing-brush cleaning present. It is annoying—we know, and quite sufficient to drive you out again. But just you ponder for awhile. Do you think the wife is to blame for this state of unfinished labour? Don't you think she has plenty to do without scrubbing bare boards or oilcloth? Buy her some floor covering that needs no scrubbing—viz., Catesbys' Cork Lino. It costs little—lasts long. This is your remedy, as it curtails work and extends comfort. Write for patterns. Buy on Easy Terms without reference or security—or save 2s. in the £ we give for cash. We pay carriage direct to your door.

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Engine-driver on the MIDLAND RAILWAY Restored by the WONDERFUL RICE METHOD.

One of the well-known engine-drivers on the Midland Railway, having been in their employ a long time, relates some very interesting facts about how he cured himself of a bad rupture by the Rice Method. His name is George Jordan and is in good standing, so what he says for the benefit of other railroad men who are ruptured can be relied upon as truthful and of value.

27 Bishopstone Road, Gloucester,
July 21st, 1901.

Dr. W. S. Rice,

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I have already spent a lot of money on treatment, having paid one doctor sixteen guineas without getting much good, and I had lost all hope of being cured until I read your advertisement in *Lloyd's Newspaper*.

I acted strictly on your advice, and I have not been troubled with my Rupture since the first week I tried your treatment, and although I get a lot of shaking about (being a locomotive engine-driver on the Midland Railway), I have not worn a Truss for about two months, and I do not feel the slightest weakness now, and am enjoying better health than I have had for seventeen years.

You can make what use you like of this letter, as I am anxious for all sufferers to know of your treatment; and I shall advise all my friends afflicted with this complaint to use it, as I know it will cure permanently.—Yours faithfully, GEORGE JORDAN.

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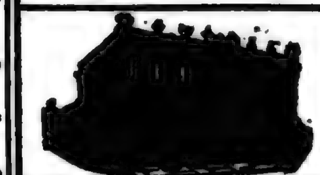

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CONSULTATIONS FREE.

A pencil-case will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

D. M. wants to know if the names of the football players indicated in the Name Hunting Competition are those of English football players only.——No; the names depicted are those of players in the whole of the United Kingdom.

WRITING in reference to the article entitled "Seaside Eye," F. H. S. asks if there is such a thing as "marksman's eye."——Most of the men at the front at the present time are suffering from "marksman's eye," more or less. You can always tell it by the peculiar way in which the corner of the mouth on the right side is slightly curved upwards, while the right eyelid has a decided droop. This results from the continual screwing up of the right eye when taking sight along the rifle barrel.

THE result of the Cricketer Competition will be announced next week.

A. G. L. writes: "Last Saturday I was on my way to the station bound for Glasgow to see Irving in *The Bells* and *Waterloo*. Thinking, however, that owing to the Exhibition there might be a crush, I changed my mind. On the way back I bought *Pearson's Weekly*. When I got home and settled down I turned to 'Fettered Lives.' After reading awhile I came across the remarkable passage (by Crump, when sitting at his desk on a Saturday night): 'I had intended going to the Lyceum to-night. Irving in *The Bells* and *Waterloo*, but—well, duty's duty.' What do you think of that for a coincidence, Mr. Editor?"

LARGE amounts have occasionally been paid for a copy of *Pearson's Weekly*, but this usually happens in the Colonies, where the difficulty of obtaining a copy of the paper is extremely great. The highest price received in this country is 1s. 9d. This was paid by a member of the Oldham Equitable Co-operative Society during a recent visit to Scotland. Nearly 1,400 members of the Society went on this outing. As the steamer *Lord Morton* was leaving Aberdour she grounded and damaged herself badly. The water rushed in very quickly, but the passengers kept quiet until boats arrived to take them from the wreck. Only one copy of *Pearson's Weekly* was among the members, and the owner, seeing a chance of making something out of the extreme circumstances in which the passengers were placed, offered the copy of *P.W.* to the highest bidder, so that the fortunate one might obtain the insurance money. The bidding was fast and furious until it was knocked down for 1s. 9d. This little diversion kept the people in good humour and so avoided a panic.

R. G. has unfortunately no sense of smell. Although in most cases this is an inconvenience rather than a source of danger, occasions may arise in which the mere fact of his being unable to smell would place him in a very dangerous position. For example, as he points out, supposing he were to go into a room after dark filled with gas which had been escaping, how would he be able to tell that the striking of a match would probably blow him out of the window?——In a case such as this the irritation caused by the mere inhalation of the fumes would be sufficient guide to the fact that the atmosphere was, at all events, not pure, and of course he would act with caution. If the gas were not sufficiently strong to be detected by his breathing, then it would scarcely be dangerous enough to cause an explosion. But, after all, those persons who are destitute of smell naturally take greater precautions in cases of this sort than other people do, and any omission on their part would be counted carelessness, just in the same way as it is in the case of a person who deliberately hunts for a leak of gas with a lighted candle.

S. M. K. is a friendless man. He is a bachelor without any relations except a brother in Australia. And he is one of those men whose extreme shyness makes it impossible for him to become really friendly with anyone. Feeling desperately lonely, he sat down and wrote me a long and confidential letter, at the end of which he assures me he feels much better for having relieved his mind. He does not ask for any advice, nor does he seem to think it possible for him to ever make any friends.——I know the friendless man. Everybody knows him. But everybody does not know why he is friendless. He always welcomes you with a smile, is always gracious, and invariably adopts a hackneyed formality which makes you wish he had said something else. If in the kindness of your heart, you invite the friendless man to your house, he immediately refuses, offering some excuse that is frequently ridiculous. You know that he is shy and that he fancies he will be uncomfortable on account of his shyness when he gets to your home. But with a little pressure he yields. On the appointed day your friendless man arrives, usually late. This rather dampens the enthusiasm of your greeting, and when you introduce him to your wife she has taken an unconscious dislike to the man because he is late and spoiled the dinner. During dinner, it is difficult to get the friendless man to talk; he invariably answers in monosyllables, with the result that you find it impossible to whip up anything like a bright conversation. You try him on every topic, and your wife thinks that perhaps he may be a homely sort of fellow and would like to talk about domestic affairs. On this subject he becomes even more gloomy, although he spasmodically makes attempts to joke. After dinner you have perhaps arranged to have a game of cards or Ping-Pong, or something exciting of that sort, but no sooner have you filed into the drawing-room than the friendless man begins to fidget and then pleads an engagement. You express your regret, but after all, you are really very glad. Afterwards you feel that you have done your duty in endeavouring to make a friend of the friendless man. But although he may be the best fellow on earth, you realise the impossibility of your task. The friendless man is always friendless; he is born so. Even when he gets married he never has any companions, nor does he go out or entertain. After all, of course, he is happy in his own way, although he gets extremely lonely at times, but then so do all of us.

S. L. tells me of a charming idea which is becoming fashionable in connection with weddings. Instead of all the flowers in the bridal bouquet being tied together in one bunch they are first of all made up into separate little bunches and the whole lot bound together with white satin ribbon. When the bride starts for her honeymoon she shakes the bouquets loose among the bridesmaids, each of whom endeavours to secure one. She who is fortunate enough to get the greatest number will, according to belief, get married before twelve months have elapsed.

H. B. incloses a strip of the margin from *Pearson's Weekly*, and asks the meaning of those little rents which he finds there.——*P.W.* is printed from large reels of paper measuring five miles in length. This paper passes through the machine, which prints and folds the white pages, puts on the red wrapper, and, after stitching it, throws out the complete copy. At one stage of the process the sheet of paper (which, when folded, ultimately becomes *P.W.*) is divided from the reel of paper by a perforation. Of course, before the completed copy can be thrown out of the machine it is necessary to detach it, and this is done automatically. Three needles grip the paper (making those little rents to which H. B. refers), holding it steady while the copy is forcibly wrenched off, leaving the serrated edges which you will find on the copy you hold in your hand.

S. P. J., who lives in a flat, is frequently disturbed in the small hours of the morning by lively young men who live just above him, coming back from some sort of festivities. On mentioning this matter to other residents of flats he finds that many of them are worried in the same way, and he wants to know if I can suggest a remedy——As matters stand at present of course you can do nothing except move. This will probably inconvenience you even more than being occasionally disturbed at night by noisy young men. What I would suggest would be for the proprietors of flats to enforce a rule which obtains in some Continental cities, notably in Vienna, which compels every young man of moderate means to be in his own room after ten o'clock. At this hour the hall porter locks the front door, and anyone wishing to get in after that hour must pay for admittance in accordance with a scale regulated by the number of minutes he is late. This is quite an excellent system, and, of course, would, in the case of British flats, be optional. In this manner a large block of apartments could be occupied solely by quiet, respectable people, all of whom have no desire to remain out after ten o'clock.

THE earthquake which took place a few weeks ago in Scotland has suggested to TIMBERTOES the question: "What kind of noise is most likely to arouse a sleeping person? for so many people have slept soundly through the disturbance which shook the very bed in which they lay."——It depends to a large extent on the temperament of the person. In some cases people are aroused by noises to which they are unaccustomed, while, in others, nothing will wake them except those sounds regularly used for the purpose. For example, firemen will immediately wake on hearing the firebell, while they will sleep soundly through noises of a different sort, which are infinitely louder. Mothers will start up at the sound of their babies' voices, while a thunderstorm or even an earthquake will not cause them to open their eyes. On the other hand, a countryman who comes to London will be roused in the early hours of the morning by the strange noises in the street below, to which a townsman is calmly indifferent; yet if the same townsmen went into the peaceful solitude of the country, he would find his sleep disturbed in the early morning by such a small thing as the crowing of a cock, or the cackling of geese. Another very curious instance may be found in the fact that although the Fighting Editor will sleep heavily while the tremendous roar of the thousands of subscribers coming in to pay their bills reverberates through the building, he will immediately become wide awake and alert should the light, timid footfall of a spring poet be mingled with the others.

PATERFAMILIAS asks whether it is in reality becoming more difficult year by year to obtain work for the rising generation, or if his own experience is the result of bad luck.——In cases of this kind a man very often overlooks the tendency that exists to assume that what he has only recently experienced has but recently arisen. Having scared himself, he is surprised to find how many scared people there are in the world; becoming subject to some disease, he is convinced that the malady is more widespread than it at one time was. Now, as a habitual reader of newspapers, he declares that they are not so interesting or accurate as they were during his boyhood, and in the same manner when he has to establish his sons in life he fancies that the difficulties are much greater than they used to be; forgetting that each generation in turn has made the same complaint.

"THERE came to my notice the other day," writes DENTIST, "one of the most remarkable cases of third dentition of which I have ever heard. An old lady of seventy years had been toothless for many years. She wore false teeth instead of her last natural ones. Some time ago she complained of her false teeth giving her gums pain, and at last came to me to try and have the matter remedied. Much to the surprise of both of us, I found that she was cutting a new set of teeth. In a short time she had cut an entire new set, above and below, and they all seem to be as sound as the teeth of a person in the prime of life. But the thing that must seem beyond belief, and which is yet true, is that one of the new teeth had a gold filling in it. In a jaw tooth on the lower left side a piece of gold about as large as a match head was found, roughly, though solidly, imbedded in the crust of the tooth. The only way the affair could be explained was through the fact that the lady, several years ago, swallowed a gold filling out of her former teeth, and it is supposed to have worked round in her body, like foreign substances will sometimes do, until it came out in the remarkable manner I have indicated."——Well, well. I knew fishermen were given that way, but dentists—I'm surprised!

Amount Previously Acknowledged, £3,209 17s. 7d.

A. Horton, 2s. 9d.; C. E. Watson, 1s. 6d.; D. Magee, 1s.; A. Sheppard, 1s.; S. C., 2s.; L. N. Preston, 1s. 3d.; O. Starnes, 1s.; E. Russell, 9d.; Rowantree, 5s.; L'Enfant, 3s. 5d.; C. Holden, 2d.; A Lancastrian, 2s. 6d.; E. G. H., 6d.; Beverlonian, 1s. 6d.; Bertie Hoyton, 10s.; H. B., 5s.; Who'd ha' tho't it, 4s.; Ada Abergele, 2s.; Mary Hay, 5s.; H. H. Pool, £5; Wilcox and Godfrey, 10s.; W. Scarborough, 4d.; F. A. C., 2s. 3d.; J. K., 2s. 6d.; W. Openshaw, 1s.; Anon., 9d.; W. H. W., 1s.; S. D. J. Harrison, 1s. 8d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; E. of L., 2s.; C. J. V., 2s.; Mrs. Thwaites, 5s.; E. Mawson, 6s. 6d.; Bert and Mervyn, 5s.; The Ancient, 15s. 3d.; Mrs. J. Johnson, 9d.

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James G. Gilbard, £4 1s.; Winnie Lever, £1 6s.; J. Davey, 17s.; R. Rathbone, 5s.; A. S. Howe, £1 10s.; T. Baker and Sons, 2s. 9d.; M. Dee, 4s.; H. Boulton, 1s. 6d.; Sergeant Major C. Ibbs, 16s. 6d.; G. Burdett, 5s.; Fred Madge, £1; Maggie Richmond, 12s.; J. Astley, 2s.; Seaside Girls per E. Power, 2s. 6d.; Impromptu Bazaar held by Young Friends at Cowbridge, £1 9s.; Olga Metherscle, £1 2s. 9d.; A. Binny, £1; Mrs. Clark, 10s.; S. S. Damascus, per J. Cowie, £4 3s.; J. G. Babbage, 2s. 6d.; A. Anderson, 12s. 6d.; G. Bundy, 7s.; Trixie and Florrie Cooney, 5s.; Miss Ward, 2s.; Fireman A. Steward, 8s. 6d.; Fred Jones, 5s.; Sidney Rainey, 4s.; Ethel Hill, £1; Agnes Prosser, 10s.; A. Reid, 2s.; Nellie Brierley, 6s.; J. Cotter, £1 12s.; H. Cook, 5s.; J. Musgrove, 5s.; E. Born, 2s.

Grand (P.W.) Total, £3,246 7s. 2d.

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This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £2,000—not for one only. £2,000 specially guaranteed by the OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 40, 42, and 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance ticket, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 38 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

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PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of Pearson's Weekly may decide to be Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the front page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

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This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company Limited, Act," 1890, Risks No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the offices of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

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THE WORLD'S — — SPECIFIC

BILE BEANS

A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY.

UNEQUALLED FOR ALL LIVER AILMENTS.

AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST DISCOVERY.

Australia, the land of gold, has given to the world a great number of marvellous things, but the discovery in that wonderful country made by a chemist and scientist, Mr. C. Charles Forde, perhaps will do more good to the world generally than all the gold Australia ever has, or ever will, produce. The discovery is of a natural vegetable substance that has the peculiar properties of acting in the process of digestion the same as Nature's own animal Bile. Mr. Forde, realising the great value of this discovery and the boon it would be to the millions of digestion sufferers who (according to the regular medical science to date) were martyrs to pepsin, bismuth, starving, and purging, decided to spare no expense to perfect this remedy to make it a cure for all digestion troubles and their attendant ailments. The result of this experimenting was the addition of some eight other ingredients, the whole being called BILE BEANS, a title given to express exactly what the preparation is, "A BEAN FOR THE BILE." The expense and care in perfecting and compressing this preparation to the size of a small bean was great, but the result is a small oval bean that the youngest child can take with ease, and a medicine the consumption of which last year reached some thirty million doses in Australia alone, the rich and poor alike being the friends of this marvellous specific. The consumption to date has nearly baffled the best efforts of the Proprietors, their laboratories working night and day to meet the demand.

BILE BEANS have been found an undoubted cure for Headache, Biliousness, Costiveness, Piles, Liver Trouble, Bad Breath, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Dizziness, Anæmia, Buzzing in the Head, Fulness after Eating, Lack of Ambition, Debility, Influenza, Female Ailments, Pimples, and a host of other ailments that owe their origin to defective Bile flow, assimilation, and digestion. They will also be of great service in Nervous Disorders, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Blotches on the Skin, Insomnia, and Troubled Sleep. They act quickly in restoring females to health, and for a general aperient and tonic remedy they are unequalled. These Beans are placed on the market in a form that anyone can take them without medical supervision; and, as the price is so very low, there are few homes that cannot afford to always have a box on the shelf for emergency.

Depots and Laboratories have been opened in England, and if you are unwell and a sufferer, and have doubts whether it is digestion or not, the manufacturers invite you to write in to their London Office, giving a full description of ailment, and free of charge you will be honestly answered whether BILE BEANS will cure in your case or not. Address: THE BILE BEAN MANUFACTURING CO., 119 London Wall, London, and mark your letter "Special." You can also send to London if your dealer does not stock BILE BEANS, and a box will be sent post paid and packed free on receipt of price 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. for large box. Please mention this paper when writing. Avoid Imitations. Bile Beans are sold in *sealed boxes only*, and not loose.

IMPORTANT WARNING.

Bile Beans are NOT sold LOOSE, being put up in sealed boxes only, bearing the name of the inventor, CHARLES FORDE. All others are fraudulent imitations, and you are warned not to accept any but the genuine.

BILE BEANS
FREE SAMPLE
COUPON.
Pearson's Weekly,
October 10th.

A Free Sample

The proprietors have so much faith in the efficacy of Bile Beans that they will forward a SAMPLE FREE, and also a book on the Liver and Digestive Ailments, if you send your name and address, and a penny stamp (to cover return postage), along with accompanying coupon. Address: The Bile Bean Manufacturing Co., 119 and 120 London Wall, London, E.C.

Some of this in Gold Dust is now in your Pockets.

THE Mint authorities state that last year no less than £56,972 17s. 8d. was worn away from the gold and silver coins collected by the banks and returned to the Mint whence they originally came. That fortune was literally rubbed away, but where is that precious dust? Is it in your pocket? Being matter, it must be somewhere.

The money absolutely lost to the Inland Revenue by the rubbing of coins in our pockets has become such a serious matter as to warrant the intervention of the Government, who recently passed an act for regulating the deficiency in the weight of coins used for current circulation, and afterwards returned to the Mint, where they are melted down again.

From the year 1892 to the March of this present year the metallic deficiency of returned gold and silver coins represents an actual loss to the Revenue of £887,463 2s. 9d. Of this sum £589,821 11s. 1d. was lost in gold, and the remainder in silver. The nominal value of the gold coins withdrawn from circulation during that given period was £39,990,000: silver, £20,000,000 sterling.

This great loss of over three-quarters of a million lies about the world in dust; it has been rubbed away in our pockets and, as dust, been turned out of them to be trampled upon in the streets and become amalgamated with the very fine particles of dust that float about in the air.

LOST IN THE MINT.

Another vast sum is lost every day of the year whilst minting the coins. Last year about £4,865 was lost in making some seventeen millions worth of gold coins.

This is an important sum, and the value of the net loss on each million turned out from the presses was about £306. Fortunately for the Mint and the Revenue, there appears on the other side of the ledger an item showing receipts for gold sweepings which is taken as a set-off against the loss referred to.

These sweepings are gold dust which falls to the floor of the Mint, despite the care which is taken of the precious metal, during the process of melting down the bars of solid gold.

The amount received for gold sweepings last year was £2,574 10s. 7d.

A considerable sum is also lost in making silver coins. Last year this loss amounted to £1,840 17s. 3d., representing a wastage of £533 per million coins. As a set-off against this the amount received for silver sweepings was £1,172 16s. 3d. The gold dust weighed 12 tons 2cwt.; the silver, 16 tons 18cwt. The bars of gold melted and coined weighed nearly 218 tons; of silver, 544 tons; and of bronze, 391 tons.

The amount of metal dealt with in the Mint every year is enormous. It is not all new metal, for the withdrawn coins which are short of the standard weight are thrown into the melting pot and re-coined.

FIGURES THAT MAKE YOU GASP.

Have you any idea as to the number of sovereigns and half-sovereigns made at the establishment on Tower Hill? Last year there were coined 13,018,752 sovereign pieces and 4,895,997 half-sovereigns. The value of the silver coins amounted all together to £2,013,381. This was made up of

377,028	crowns,
4,662,612	half-crowns,
5,674,674	florins,
11,256,459	shillings,
9,263,363	sixpences, and
11,117,688	threepences.

The bronze coins struck amounted to £168,295, made up of

32,012,400	pennies,
13,866,400	ha'pennies, and
5,740,800	farthings.

The total number of pieces coined, including the imperial and colonial moneys, was 137,383,347.

It may strike you as being particularly strange that even in so accurate a place as the Government money-making works they are not able to make all the coins come up to the standard weight as specified by the Coinage Act. It is the office of the Goldsmiths' Company to test the new coinage before it is issued to the banks and thence to the public.

Last year some 17,641 sovereigns and 2,190 half-sovereigns, together with 283 crowns, 2,411 halves, 2,076 florins, 2,777 shillings, 1,064 sixpences, and 522 threepenny pieces, were submitted to the jury, which was composed of members of the Goldsmiths' Company.

This annual examination is called the Trial of the Pyx, and is of ancient origin. The coins submitted are not picked out by the Mint authorities for the purpose, they are taken at first hand from the various bulks. Nor do the testing jury go through all the coins sent to be tried. They take a few from this denomination, some from that, and some from the other, and base their verdict on the trial of these. All are weighed and assayed.

The Coinage Act specifies that a sovereign should not weigh less than 123,274 grains, but in practice it is found impossible to keep to that standard. No two gold coins weigh precisely the same, and the same remark applies to silver coins. This variation of the fineness of the gold used for the sovereigns that were tested by the Jury of the Pyx last year is shown, for example, in the following: the first tested weighed 123,154; the second, 123,234; and the third, 123,204 grains. Nevertheless, the trial was a perfectly satisfactory one.

The impressions on both sides of our coins are made with steel dies. Some 3,696 dies were used to stamp the number of pieces as already given, namely, 137,383,347, so that the average number the dies stamped was 74,342.

Besides the making of coins the bulk of the medals and clasps bestowed on our soldiers and sailors, as well as many of the stars and other decorations worn in connection with our British Orders, and commemorative and other medals, are made at the Mint, but the metals used for them are dealt with separately.

Much of the work performed in the medal department during many months of the past year, which sums up the work of the Mint, is absolutely wasted, as it has been decided by the Government to alter the form for clasp which had previously been accepted for the South African medal. They have to begin all over again.

BABY GAMBLERS HAVE CHARMS.

They Carry Hairs and Dolls' Heads to Bring Luck.

THAT children gamble is plainly apparent to all who have watched them at play in the streets. They traffic with empty match-boxes, cigarette cards, marbles, and other odds and ends picked out of the gutter. And some of these miniature traders have charms to ensure good luck after the fashion of their elders.

One tiny fellow, running about without shirt, had a wisp of hair tied to his waist with string. When questioned he said he always wore the bit of fur because it was lucky; his father had a belt made of rabbit skins, and he often backed the winner. In his own case he thought it a poor come-off if he didn't pocket a few farthings when play was brisk.

"I'm a fust-rate 'and at top-spinning," he said; "but wot I likes best is heads-an'-tails. Gimme a few farthin's, and I'll bet a tanner I doubles 'em in less nor an hour. If I say 'ead it is 'ead, an' if I say tail it is tail; but I couldn't win like that if it worn't for this."

"This" was the piece of hair—the charm that ensured such good fortune.

"Don't the other boys wear something of the sort?" we asked.

"Yes; but this hair I took off father's belt when he was snorin'. It's lucky, yer see, father having worn it."

One of his companions always carried a doll's head in his pocket, another pinned his faith to a tooth extracted for him by the Board-school teacher with a piece of string. A small boy of six years declared he was frequently sent by his father and the neighbours with sums of money to the bookmaker, because he was lucky as he said; turning down the neck of a dirty shirt-collar to reveal his charm—a horse-shoe tattooed on the little chest.

The boy's father had thus decorated the child, who seemed very proud of his indelible luck-bringer.

A very peculiar charm is worn by a boy whose parents gamble away the greatest part of their wages. A tiny Chinese idol is fastened by a string to the lad's neck, and under fear of punishment he dare not remove it. To do so would bring ruin to his father's speculations. Nor does the wearer desire to be deprived of the ornament, believing that its possession brings him success when playing pitch-and-toss in the playgrounds.

Other charms worn by youthful gamblers comprise fancy pebbles, sea shells, broken tobacco pipes. The palm for originality must be given to the boy who wears round his neck a string of small bones procured from the bodies of mice and bats. No less than 300 bones are thus threaded, the charm being the envy of his small companions.

IS YOUR PHOTO IN 'SHORT STORIES'?

SHORT STORIES contains each week the photographs of five people. Some of them have been begged, some borrowed, some bought.

In what manner they have been begged, borrowed, or bought does not matter. We need only say that at this moment the office of *SHORT STORIES* contains thousands and thousands of photos, gathered from all over the Kingdom. Very likely yours is amongst them.

If so, and it is printed, and you don't write and tell the Editor so within a week of its appearing,

YOU HAVE LOST £5.

If you think he has not got a photo of yours, send one in to him with your address written on the back and a stamped envelope for its return. He may or may not use it. He will not tell you that. You must tell him, and if you tell him right **YOU GET £5.**

Get **SHORT STORIES** for fuller particulars.

A VICTIM TO CHARITY.

The Poor Young Man and the Church Bazaar.

IT was at a church bazaar, and he had come there at the request of his "cousin," who was at the head of a flower table. He opened the door bashfully, and stood, hat in hand, looking at the brilliant scene before him, when a young lady rushed up, and, clutching him by the arm, said:

"Oh! you must, you will take a chance in our raffle. Come over here. This way."

Blushing to the roots of his hair, he stammered out that he "Really didn't have the pleasure of knowing——"

"Oh! that's all right," said the young lady. "You'll know me better before you leave. I'm one of the managers, you understand. Come, the cake will be all taken if you don't hurry." And she almost dragged him over to one of the middle tables. "There are only half-a-crown a slice, and you may get a gold ring. You had better take three or four slices; it will increase your chances, you know."

"You're very good," he stammered. "But I'm not fond of cake; that is, I haven't any use for the ring—I——"

"Ah, that will be ever so nice," said the young lady, "for now if you get the ring you can give it back and we'll put it in another cake."

"Y-e-e-s," said the young man with a sickly smile. "To be sure, but——"

"Oh, there isn't any but about it," said the young lady, smiling sweetly. "You know you promised."

"Promised?"

"Well, no, not exactly that; but you will take just one slice?" and she looked her whole soul into his eyes.

"Well, I suppose——"

"To be sure. There is your cake," and she slipped a great slice into his delicately-gloved hands, as he handed her half-a-sovereign in gold.

"Oh, that is too nice," added the young lady, as she plastered three more pieces of cake on top of the one she had just given him. "I knew you would take at least four chances," and his half-sovereign disappeared across the table, and then she called to a companion: "Oh, Miss Larkins, here is a gentleman who wishes to have his fortune told."

"Oh, does he? Send him over," answered Miss Larkins.

"I beg your pardon, but I'm afraid you're mistaken. I don't remember saying anything about——"

"Oh, but you will," said the first young lady, tugging at the youth's arm. "It's for the good of the church, and you won't refuse," and once more the beautiful eyes looked soulfully into his. "Here we are. Now take an envelope; open it. There, you are going to be married in a year. Isn't that jolly? A shilling please."

This time the youth was careful to hand out the exact amount.

"Oh, I should like to have my fortune told. May I?" said the first young lady.

"Of course, you may, my dear," said Miss Larkins, handing out one of her envelopes. "Oh, dear, you are going to be married this year, too. A shilling more, please," and the poor youth came down with half-a-crown. "We have no change, sir," added Miss Larkins, putting it in her pocket.

"Oh, come, let's try our weight," said the first young lady, once more tugging at the bashful youth's coat sleeve, and before he knew where he was, he found himself standing on the platform of the machine. "One hundred and thirty-two," said the young lady. "Oh, how I would like to be a great, heavy man like you," and she jumped on the machine like a bird. "One hundred and eighteen. Well, that is light. One shilling, please."

"What," said the youth, "one shilling! Isn't that pretty steep? I mean—I——"

"Oh, but you know," said the young lady, "it is for charity," and another shilling was added to the treasury of the bazaar.

"I think I'll have to go. I have an engagement at——"

"Oh, but first you must buy me a bouquet for taking you all round," said the young lady. "Over here," and they were soon in front of the flower table.

"Here is just what I want," and the young lady picked up a basket of roses and violets. "Ten shillings, please."

"Oh, Jack, is that you?" cried the youth's "cousin" from behind the flower counter, "and buying flowers for Miss Giggle, too! Oh, I shall be terribly jealous unless you buy me a basket, too," and she picked up an elaborate affair. "Fifteen shillings, please, Jack," and the youth put down the money, looking terribly confused and much as though he didn't know whether to make a bolt for the door or give up all hope and settle down in despair.

"You'll excuse me, ladies," he stammered; "but I must go; I have——"

"Here, let me pin this in your buttonhole," interrupted his cousin. "Five shillings, please," and then the youth broke away and made a straight line for the door.

"Well, if ever I visit another bazaar may I be kicked," he ejaculated, as he counted over the cash to see if he had the train fare to ride home.

In PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, published October 1st, you will find H. G. Wells at his best in "The Sea Lady."

To prove the exceptional merits of a good article it must be tried; we offer everyone the opportunity of judging "Harlene" for themselves before wasting money on worthless and injurious preparations foisted upon them by various subterfuges.

WRITE FOR A FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE.

Under the Royal Patronage of

H.M. THE QUEEN OF GREECE.
H.I.H. THE GRAND DUCHESS GEORGE OF RUSSIA.
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H.R.H. PRINCESS HOHENLOHE.
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF SPARTA.
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PRINCESS ANNA HOHENLOHE.
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A TRIAL COSTS YOU NOTHING.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" FOR THE HAIR

THE GREAT HAIR PRODUCER AND RESTORER.

The Finest Dressing, Specially Prepared and Delicately Perfumed. A Luxury and a Necessity to every Modern Toilet.

"HARLENE" produces Luxuriant Hair. Prevents it Falling Off and Turning Grey. Unequalled for Promoting the growth of the Beard and Moustache. The World-Renowned Remedy for Baldness. For Preserving, Strengthening, and Rendering the Hair Beautifully Soft, for Removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c., also for Restoring Grey Hair to its Original Colour.

Crown Prince's Palace, Athens, Greece.

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARIE OF GREECE

writes: "Messrs. Edwards' Preparation, 'Harlene' for the Hair, has given entire satisfaction. H.R.H. wishes six more bottles of 'Harlene' sent as soon as possible."

H.I.H. THE GRAND DUCHESS GEORGE OF RUSSIA

writes: "Please send at once six bottles of 'Harlene,' the same as formerly sent to H.I.H. when still Princess Marie of Greece."

A FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE

Will be sent to any person filling up this Form, and enclosing 3d. for carriage. If presented personally at our offices, no charge will be made.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Pearson's Weekly.

PRINCESS ANNA HOHENLOHE

writes: "'Harlene' has given me great satisfaction, therefore please send by return six more bottles."

Kitegyhasa, County Bikis, Hungary.

COUNTESS DENIS ALMASY

writes: "Please forward me three more bottles 'Harlene,' as I am particularly satisfied with the two bottles sent me to Switzerland, and have been using it ever since."

MISS ROSA BOOTE

(the Marchioness of Headfort)

writes: "Having used 'Harlene' for some time, I find it a most delightful and beautifying preparation for the hair."

Royal Opera, Covent Garden.

MADAME SUZANNE ADAMS,

The Great Operatic Singer,

writes: "I have much pleasure in testifying to the really remarkable qualities of Edwards' 'Harlene' and enclosing my photo, which you may make any use of you please. 'Harlene' has entirely stopped my hair from falling out, and is besides a most delightful dressing to use, as it leaves the hair so glossy and soft."

1/-, 2/6, and (3 times 2/6 size) 4/6 per Bottle, from Chemists and Stores all over the World, or sent direct on receipt of Postal Orders.

EDWARDS' 'HARLENE' Co., 95 & 96 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

27 YEARS' SUCCESS AS THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY FOR

Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, Whooping-Cough, Hoarseness, &c.

HAS MADE

Owbridge's Lung Tonic

AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY TO EVERYBODY.

Important Notice:

SUBSTITUTION.—*There are so many imitations of this successful, and therefore popular, remedy that it is of the utmost importance you should use the word "OWBRIDGE" when buying Lung Tonic, and TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.*

Prepared by

W. T. OWBRIDGE, M.P.S., Chemist, Hull.

Sold everywhere in bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., & 11s.

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THEN DON'T MISS A WORD IN THIS ADVERTISEMENT. We are making a remarkable offer, which will be withdrawn when we have disposed of the watches contracted for. We are giving these watches away to advertise our business. We want agents, and we give these watches as premiums for selling ten handsome pieces of jewellery at one shilling each. Each and every watch is a first-class reliable timekeeper, a keyless, genuine lever, non-magnetic, dust and damp proof watch, equal in appearance to many watches sold at £5 or more. Think of it; a guaranteed timekeeper, solid silveroid or goldoid case adjusted for instant use, made by skilled workmen, and pronounced by all an accurate watch, a marvel of the century. You can rely upon it, that when you have this watch you have the correct time. 18,000 testimonials as to its qualities may be inspected at our office.

FREE You need no capital while working for us. We send you the jewellery on your application by postcard. We require no money in advance. When you have sold the 10 pieces of jewellery at 1 shilling each, send us the 10 shillings, and we will forward the watch, registered, post free. If you cannot sell, you agree to return to us in good condition. We trust you. The jewellery is handsome and easily disposed of. For every further 10 pieces of jewellery sold you get an extra watch free, and the extra watches you can sell. Or we will send you a beautiful simulation diamond and ruby ring in genuine 18ct. gold cased setting. These rings are marvellous value, and cannot be matched in the world. They are suitable for either lady or gentleman; any size. They cannot be told from real diamonds and rubies, except by expert examination, and will last a lifetime. Take your choice, but do not fail to send for our jewellery. In addition to giving this beautiful watch or ring (your choice) free, we shall give

£10 A WEEK FOR YOU

or anyone who can earn it by simple means fully explained when we send the jewellery. This may mean your start on the ROAD TO WEALTH. In any case the trial will cost you ABSOLUTELY NOTHING. Everyone may get a cash premium as well as a free watch. We are making money for others, and can do the same for you. ANYHOW, YOU TAKE NO RISK. Therefore do not wait until the watches are gone.

This is a genuine offer by a high-class business house. Competition is the soul of trade, and competition has caused us to make this original record-breaking offer. We make the people our agents, and trust them with our goods. We know we can trust you and that you will be as fair to us as we are to you. You can sell our jewellery whether you be man, woman, boy or girl. You get a present even if you sell nothing. Instruction Note.—Merely send a postcard with your name and address plainly written. Send no money. The jewellery will then be posted, and you return what you do not sell.

FREE

IMPORTANT. READ THIS. We especially invite answers to this advertisement from those who have tried apparently similar plans and have not been satisfied. Our jewellery averages better than articles sold at 1s. 6d. to 2s. Our watch is not a German silver Swiss watch, but a genuine lever watch, absolutely warranted. You are certain to be satisfied with jewellery, watch and ring.

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WE are the Original and Genuine Premium Firm. Our novel scheme has attracted over 500,000 persons to write to us, and prove our genuine dealings, and to these people we have distributed many thousands of real silver watches, hall-marked by Swiss Government, which we give **Absolutely Free.** The Watches are carefully tested, and keep correct time; they have been valued by our customers at £3 10s., and more. We advise all industrious men and women, boys and girls alike, to write to us, and gain our handsome presents **Free.**

NO MONEY REQUIRED! WE TRUST YOU!

Remember, we do not ask you to part with one penny of your money. We want agents to sell our jewellery (which we send you free), and we will give you

Handsome Presents and Cash Prizes FREE.

We simply ask you to sign the form at the bottom of this advt. and send to us, or copy all out on a postcard and post to us, when we will immediately forward to you our parcel of Nine articles of Jewellery **Free**, which we ask you to sell for us at 1/6 each, and when we receive from you the 13/6 you have obtained by the sale of same we will dispatch to you by return our **Real Silver Watch with Chain and Pendant** or our handsome real imitation **Marble Clock,** without any expense to you.

For selling Nine articles of jewellery we give you a **real Silver Watch with Chain and Pendant,** or our real imitation **Marble Clock,** Lady's Bracelet, with Watch as illustrated, or other present you may choose. **For selling Seven articles** we give you a **Lady's or Gent's Watch** without Chain and Pendant, or a real imitation Marble Clock without pillars, but with lion head ornaments. **For selling Five articles** you can have **free** a set of Steel Carvers or an E. P. Silver Cruet, or an Alarm Clock. We give you a Globe Timekeeper **for selling Three articles,** or a serviceable Fountain Pen with gold colour nib, &c., &c. Please understand there is no risk whatever in taking these goods. We trust you absolutely, and it costs you nothing to try. Thousands of letters have been received from delighted customers.

WHAT TO DO.

Fill in your Name and Address (in full) on this Form, or, if you prefer, copy the Form out on a Postcard, sign it, and post to us.

THE BRITISH PREMIUM SYNDICATE, (DEPT. 100), 282, CENTRAL CHAMBERS, GLASGOW. GOODS COUPON.

GENTLEMEN,—Please send me your parcel containing Nine articles of Jewellery, price 1/6 each, which I will do my best to sell for you. When I have sold them, and you have received the 13/6 obtained by the sale of them, it is understood that you will send me **absolutely free a Lady's or Gent's Real Silver Watch with Chain and Pendant,** or **any other present** I may choose from your list.

Should I fail to sell all your Jewellery, I hereby agree to return those unsold, along with the money for any sold, within four weeks from date, when you will send me a present according to quantity sold.

Name (in full)..............................

Address (in full)..............................

When writing, state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss.

BRITISH PREMIUM SYNDICATE (Dept. 100), 282, Central Chambers, Glasgow.

Good Digestion Means Good Health.

Good Digestion supplies the functions of the Body with nourishment, which they cannot otherwise obtain. If the Stomach and Intestines are loaded with undigested food, the Appetite wanes away and with it the Health. Meanwhile, the organs of the Body are partially starved and naturally become weaker.

These are the constitutional effects, besides which disagreeable local symptoms are caused, such as pain, Discomfort and a sense of fulness after Eating, Flatulence, Biliousness, Heartburn, Sluggish Liver, and Constipation. The Nervous System is also affected, and weakened Energy, Languor, Headaches, and Neuralgic pains are the result.

We say most emphatically that Guy's Tonic will ensure good Appetite and complete Digestion, which are the first steps to recovery. When these are attained, robust Health is soon regained because the Blood is rich in nourishment by which the Tissues of the Body may be built up.

Guy's Tonic is a specific in all forms of Indigestion. A few doses will effect a great improvement in a weak Stomach. Guy's Tonic actually assists in the Digestive work, and so stimulates and invigorates the Stomach that it is shortly able to carry on its processes without assistance.

When there is Digestive trouble and any of its numerous consequences, try Guy's Tonic. Even though everything else has failed, we confidently recommend it because we know it is a thoroughly straightforward remedy, possessing unequalled merit. We invite trial, and will abide by results. So far as thousands of spontaneous letters testify, our success has been unprecedented.

Guy's Tonic Ensures Complete Digestion.

Miss Helen Fortescue, of Mornington Avenue, West Kensington, London, writes:—

"I have much pleasure in writing to inform you "of the great benefit I have derived from Guy's "Tonic. I have suffered for weeks with Indigestion, "Liver Complaint, and Loss of Appetite. I also had "severe Headaches which were sometimes unbearable. I procured a bottle of Guy's Tonic and "found relief from the second dose. I have in all "taken two 1s. 1½d. size bottles of Guy's Tonic and "am completely cured. I have recommended Guy's "Tonic to three of my friends, and they also have "derived great benefit and speak highly of it. "Guy's Tonic is a splendid remedy."

Mrs. J. McInnes, School Board Officer, Bayhead, Lochmaddy, Scotland, writes:—

"I want to inform you that one bottle of Guy's "Tonic cured me of vomiting my Food immediately "after eating. I can never forget the change it "made in my Stomach. I want you to mention me "as one who can honestly say that Guy's Tonic "did what it is recommended for."

Guy's Tonic is confidently recommended for Indigestion, Sluggish Liver and Nervousness. It is also of invaluable service when, without any specific ailments, the System is "low" and the General Health run down.

Guy's Tonic is a British Preparation of Vegetable Origin. It is employed with excellent results in Hospital Practice, and is widely recommended by Medical Men. A Six Ounce Bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1s. 1½d., is on sale at all Chemists and Stores.

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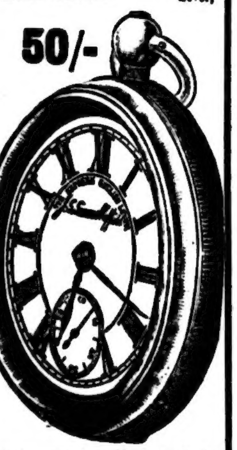

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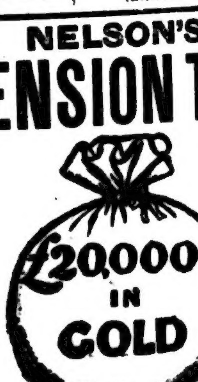

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For the convenience of customers ... the Tea by post, 2½lb. of Tea will be sent post free for 8/8, and the card of Membership ... up for a period of five or ten weeks ... For full particulars and all information apply

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Any Chemist or Stores can get it for you; 1/- per packet of 18 doses. Send stamped envelope for Free Sample. **KAPUTINE Ltd., Huddersfield**

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Costume Skirt, with three shaped frills, top one headed with good braid. Unlined.
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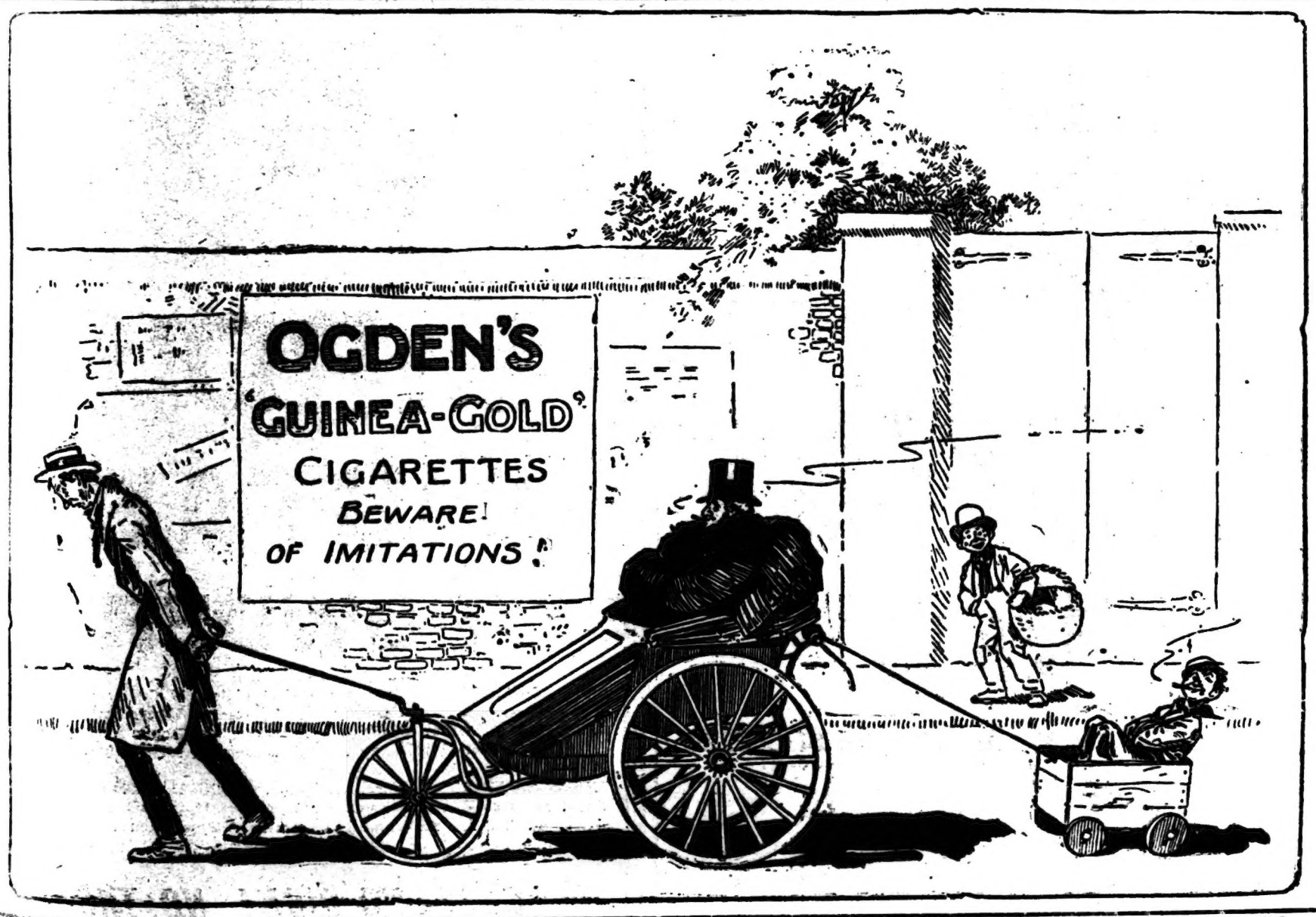

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BUY THEM! TRY THEM!

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When the Pie was opened, The birds began to sing:

"The [illegible] of Bird's Custard Powder Will make the whole world ring!"

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BIRD'S Custard Powder makes a perfect high-class Custard at a [illegible] of cost and trouble. Used by all the leading Diplomees of the [illegible] Kensington School of Cookery. Invaluable also for a variety of [illegible] Dishes, recipes for which accompany each packet.

BIRD'S CUSTARD is pure, creamlike, nutritious, and easily [illegible], therefore is eminently suitable for invalids. It is a wholesome [illegible] article of diet for universal consumption. Eggs often disagree, Custard never.

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